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23 Sept. 1959

AUTUMN  
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NUMBER



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A black and white fashion illustration of a woman from the waist up, shown in profile facing right. She has short, wavy blonde hair and is smiling. She is wearing a long-sleeved, knee-length tweed dress with a high collar, a fitted bodice, and a full skirt. The dress features a wide belt with a large buckle and decorative stitching. The tweed pattern is detailed with various textures and colors. The background is a plain, light gray.

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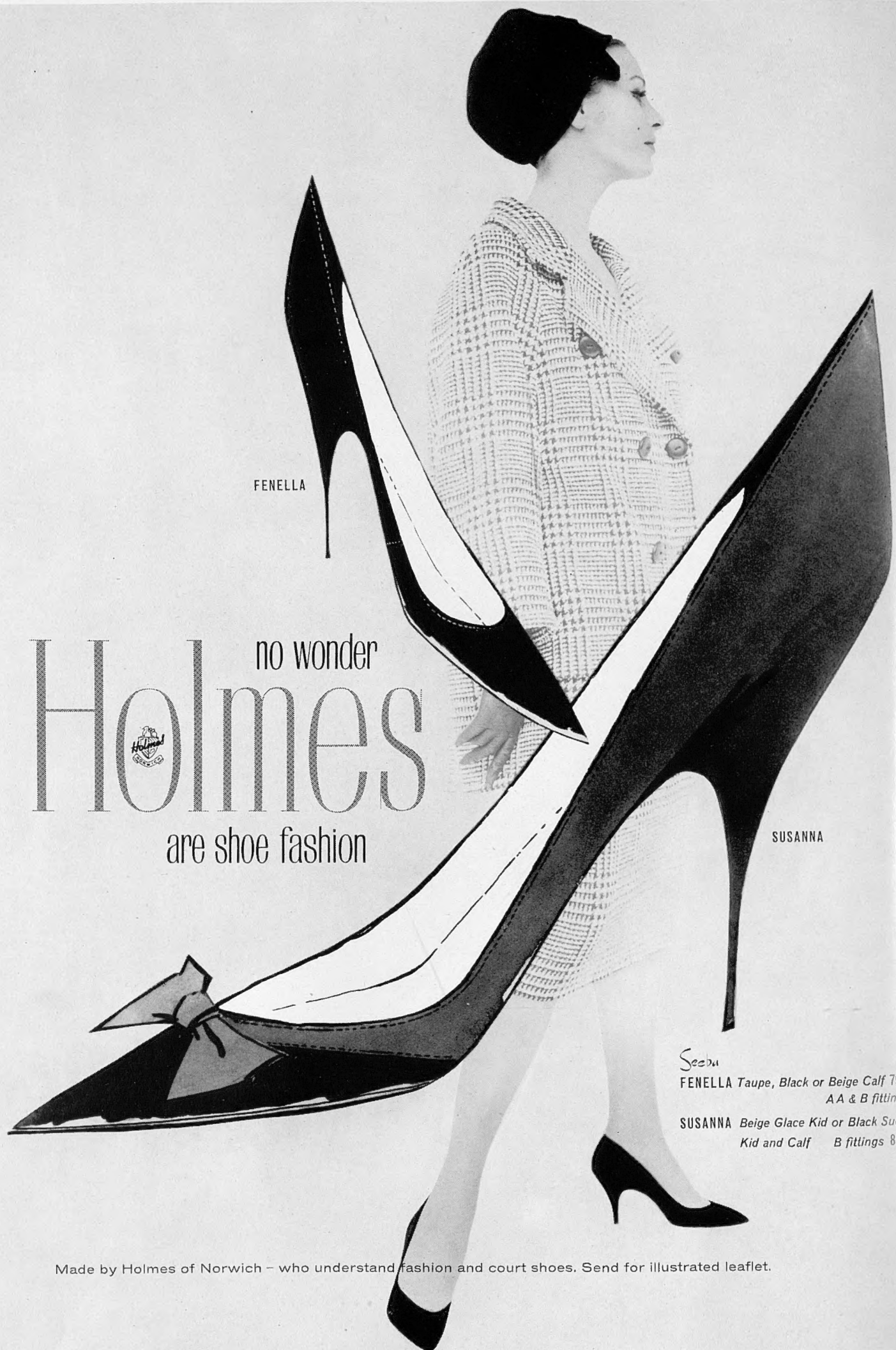
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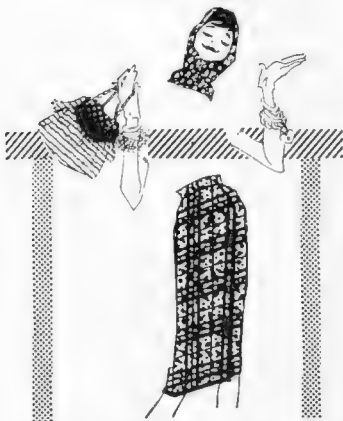
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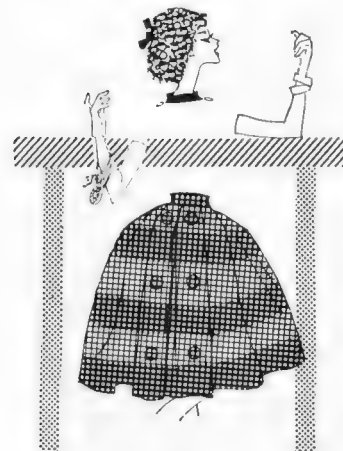
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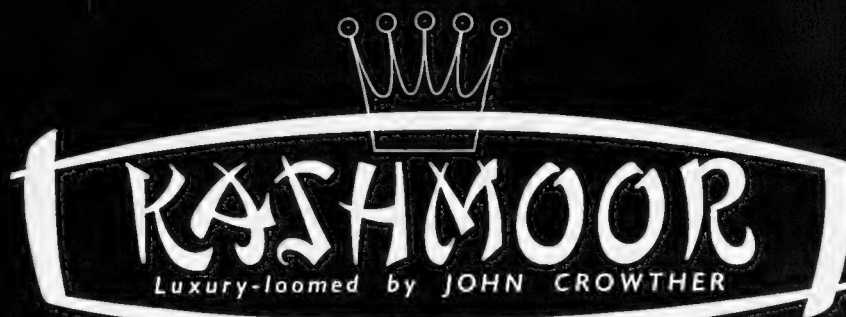
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This is our **Autumn Fashion** number, and the cover was photographed at Burnham Beeches, where the leaves are, appropriately, already beginning to fall. Twelve pages, beginning at 284, show the new clothes that are now in the shops, along with the latest from those two late-showing Paris houses, Balenciaga and Givenchy.

Roger Hill has taken some evocative pictures showing the decay of the famous building best known as **Ally Pally** (see page 299). . . . Bus trips across continents are routine nowadays but it is still something to read about when two girls go **Round the U.S. by bus**. Angela Huth describes her trip on page 296. . . . **Controversy** returns on page 303, with the question: Has craftsmanship had it? Judge from the pictures arranged by Lady Casson.

NEXT WEEK: A Swiss Fortnight number, presenting some of the good things from Switzerland that can be enjoyed in Britain.

**Postage:** Inland, 5½d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 7½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. **Subscription Rates:** Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 15s., £2 19s., £2 15s., 17s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere broad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

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## GOING PLACES

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### OUT OF DOORS

**Ilkley Arrow Shoot (Ladies)**, Hurlingham Club, 25 September.

**Goose Match**, Harrow School, 26 September.

**Sea Angling Festival** (boats), Weymouth, 26-28 September.

**Golf: Ladies' Home International Matches**, Hoylake, Cheshire, 30 September-2 October. **Gleneagles Hotel Tournament**, 30 September-3 October. **Golf Week**, Lytham St. Anne's, Lancashire. To 27 September.

**Athletics:** London v. Stockholm, White City, 30 September.

### MUSICAL

**Covent Garden.** *The Ring* cycle. Tonight, *Die Walküre*; 28 September, *Siegfried*; 2 October, *Götterdämmerung*. Repeated 5, 6, 8 & 10 October. (cov 1066.)

**Royal Festival Hall.** Chopin recital by José Iturbi, 3 p.m., 27 September. "Figaro" (concert perf.), 8 p.m., 28 September. "The Elements" (Music of the 20th Century), London Philharmonic Orchestra, 8 p.m., 29 September. (WAT 3191.)

"The Merry Widow," London Coliseum. Sadler's Wells Company, 7.30 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Saturdays). (TEM 3161.)

continued overleaf

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dries your skin or clogs the pores, keeps your skin dewy fresh and lovely from early morning to bright light time. Nine flattering tones, 10/6. Refills, 7/9.

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### GOING PLACES *continued from page 269*

#### ART

"The Romantic Movement," Tate Gallery, Millbank, & Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square. To 27 September. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays, 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Sundays, 2-6 p.m. Admission, 2s. 6d. Tate; 1s. Arts Council.

"Seven Centuries of Portrait Drawing," British Museum. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sundays, 2.30-6 p.m. To end of year.

18th-century Portrait Busts, Kenwood House, Hampstead. To 30 September.

Eight Contemporary Spanish Painters. Ohana Gallery, Spanish Pl., W.1. To 10 October.

London Salon of Photography, Golden Jubilee Exhibition, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., W.1. To 3 October.

#### FAIRS & FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of Art & Literature. 28 September-9 October.

Second Dublin International Theatre Festival. To 27 September.

Morecambe Dance Festival, Morecambe, Lancs. 28 September-2 October.

Summercourt Fair, near St. Columb, Cornwall. 29 September.

#### EXHIBITIONS

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton. To 27 September.

The Small House Design Exhibition, Building Centre, Store St., W.C.1. To 26 September.

Royal Horticultural Society Great Autumn Show, R.H.S. Halls, Westminster. 29 September-1 October.

International Caravan Exhibition, Earls Court. To 3 October.

"Lighting Your Home," Design Centre, Haymarket. To 7 November.

#### GARDENS

Open 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. except where stated.

Chevithorne Barton, near Tiverton, Devon. 24 September.

Yaffle Hill, Broadstone, Dorset. 26 September.

Biddick Hall, Lambton Park, Co. Durham. 26 September.

Waterperry Horticultural School, near Wheatley, Oxon. 2-7 p.m. 26 September.

Beaumont Hall, Leicester. 27 September.

Cottesbrooke Hall, Northampton. 2-6 p.m. 27 September.

#### PRAISED PLAYS

From Anthony Cookman's reviews. For this week's see page 308.

The Double-Dealer. "... brilliantly entertaining scenes... in the intrigue there is a shimmer of poetry..." Donald Houston, Miles Malleson, Ursula Jeans. (The Old Vic, WAT 7616.)

The Complaisant Lover. "... far and away the best of Mr. Graham Greene's three plays..." Sir Ralph Richardson is at his very finest..." Ralph Richardson,

Paul Scofield, Peggy Calvert. (Globe Theatre, GER 1592.)

West Side Story. "... high dramatic moments... tragic pathos... music and dancing are most happily integrated." Marlys Watters, Chita Rivera, Don McKay. (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606.)

My Fair Lady. "... the best musical comedy I have seen... everyone seems to be functioning at top form... an experience to be remembered." Anne Rogers, Alec Clunes, Stanley Holloway. (Drury Lane, TEM 8108.)

#### FANCIED FILMS

From Elspeth Grant's reviews. For this week's see page 310.

The Devil's Disciple. "... exuberant spirit... Mr. Shaw's wry reflections... have largely gone by the board..." Sir Laurence Olivier... walks away with the acting honours." Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Leicester Square Theatre, WHI 5252.)

Blind Date. "... Mr. Stanley Baker, a dogged detective inspector... is given a murder case to solve... His performance is in every way excellent." Stanley Baker, Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle. (G.R.)

I'm All Right, Jack. "... swinging satire... blithe enthusiasm... a biting and hilarious film." Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Irene Handl. (Studio One, GER 3800.)

My Uncle. "... a leisure film, but full of M. Tati's own endearing brand of comic invention, and quite delicious." (Cameo-Poly, LAN 1744.)



### ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Guide to dining out

C.S. = Closed Sundays.  
O.S. = Open Sundays.

Au Savarin, 8 Charlotte Street, W.1. MUS 7134. Gourmets gather here and seem well content.

Beaufort Restaurant of the Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool St., E.C.2. AVE 4363. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. Outstanding cuisine in a restaurant over a railway station; excellent wines.

Beoty's, 14 Wright's Lane, Kensington, W.8. WES 8525. C.S. Specialize in Greek and Cypriot dishes; wines to match.

Boulogne, 27 Gerrard St., W.1. GER 3186. C.S. Good Continental

*continued on page 320*

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# COUNT VOLPI'S BALL



*In Venice the international Film Festival was enlivened as usual by the annual ball given by Count Giovanni Volpi di Misurata. Guests came by gondola and motor-boat to his palazzo on the Grand Canal. Seen arriving here are Mme. Onassis (above), Princess Aspasia of Greece (right) with Venetian sculptor Tony Lucarda and his wife, and (left) the inevitable Elsa Maxwell*



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## COUNT VOLPI'S BALL *continued*



International guests included pianist Artur Rubinstein (*left*), Countess Quinternilla (*centre*) with Count Rudy Crespi, and Viscount & Viscountess Lambton (*right*). Lord Lambton, is now campaigning in his Berwick-on-Tweed constituency for the General Election on 8 October

Countess Natalia Volpi, Count Giovanni's mother, with some of her guests. The magnificent colonnaded ballroom of the Palazzo with its inlaid mosaic floors was hung with giant swags of flowers for the occasion



## MURIEL BOWEN'S WEEK...

- ❖ The Festival ballet
- ❖ A Perthshire wedding
- ❖ Two coming-out dances
- ❖ A christening in Kelso

A COUPLE of days before the curtain fell on Edinburgh's Thirteenth Festival Mr. **Jock Whitney**, the United States Ambassador, & Mrs. **Whitney** gave an after-the-theatre supper-dance at the North British Hotel. Mrs. Whitney, in a ravishingly beautiful dress of bright tangerine chiffon, received several hundred guests, quite a few of them young people like the **Earl & Countess of Dalkeith** (he's contesting the Labour-held marginal seat of East Edinburgh for the Tories in the General Election).

The party was on the day that *Ballets: U.S.A.* (now in London) was hailed by the critics as the most brilliant and original production of the Festival. The **Marquess & Marchioness of Tweeddale**, Mr. **Robert Ponsonby** (the Festival's artistic director) & Mrs. Ponsonby, and **Vice-Adm. Sir Conolly Abel Smith** and his wife were offering their congratulations at the party. Mr. Whitney and Mr. **Jerome Robbins**, the ballet's director-producer, beamed their appreciation. "We in America dress, eat, and even walk differently to other people," Mr. Robbins said to me afterwards, "so naturally we dance differently, too."

Appreciation of the ballet was by no means universal. Some party guests, the older people mostly, found the performance "despairing and difficult to follow." The young people loved it. The craziness of dancing with comic hats, folding chairs, and umbrellas I found very expressive of the modern spirit. The ballet's opening in Edinburgh was something of a miracle. The costumes and scenery had all been lost in a plane crash the day before and Mrs. **Vaugh De Long**, wife of the American Consul-General, and some of her friends had spent opening day at their sewing machines trying to piece together such things as butterflies' wings!

To get back to the Whitneys' party. The global guest list included overseas visitors and the heads of the Edinburgh Consular Corps. And among the Scots who came were the **Earl & Countess of Elgin**, Mr. **John Reid**, who is administrative director of the Festival, & Mrs. Reid, Mr. & Mrs. **Andrew Stewart**, Sir **Hugh Watson**, Deputy Keeper of the Signet, & Lady Watson, and Professor **John Bruce**, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, & Mrs. Bruce. Another guest was Herr **Hans von Herwarth**, the German Ambassador, who had an after-the-theatre supper-party at the Adam Rooms the night before.

For her guests Mrs. Whitney chose a supper of cold turkey, smoked salmon, lobster and grouse and it was arranged buffet-style on a long table stretching the length of the royal-blue-and-gold dining-room of the North British, with small tables grouped round so that guests could make up parties. At the end of the room an orchestra played for dancing.

Mr. & Mrs. Whitney had come to the party from the  
*continued overleaf*



Host Count Giovanni Volpi with Miss Frances Sophia de Villers Brokaw

Visitors from New York Henry Fonda danced with Countess Gea Pallavicini



## ENGAGEMENTS

Right: **Miss Mary Corbett to Mr. Henry Hyde Villiers.** She is the daughter of Mr. R. H. Corbett, Coombe Bank, Boughton Monchelsea, Kent, and Mrs. Corbett, of Monkstown, Co. Dublin. He is the son of Capt. E. H. Villiers, D.S.O., & Mrs. Villiers, King's Ford, Colchester



**Miss Susan Gundry to Mr. Jeremy Hew Philipps.** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. E. B. Gundry, Grange, Honiton, Devon, & Cadogan Square, S.W.1. He is the son of the Hon. Hanning & Lady Marion Philipps, Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire



**Miss Jill Smyth to Dr. Michael John Emslie.** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Charles Smyth, of Oakwood Court, London, W.14. He is the son of Dr. & Mrs. John Alexander Simpson Emslie, of Arlington Road, Eastbourne, Sussex

Festival where they had been entertaining some of the U.S. Foreign Service stationed here, among them Mr. **Vaugh De Long** (Consul-General in Edinburgh) & Mrs. De Long, the Consul, Mr. **Edward S. McClary**, & Mrs. McClary, and Mr. & Mrs. **James Symington** who travelled with the Ambassador from London.

On the Saturday I was back in Edinburgh again to see the Festival close with the final performance of the Tattoo in the floodlit Castle Esplanade. This is a wonderful show, put on every year, and of which **Brig. Alasdair Maclean** of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders is the impresario. It was a toss-up who got most applause on the final night. It seemed like a choice between the precision marching of the Royal Marines and the musical ride of the Spahi Regiment from France with their intriguing attire and their lissom Arab horses.

### AFTER THE SHOOTING

One doesn't expect to wind up a shooting party with a christening but that was what happened when the **Duke & Duchess of Roxburghe's** second son was christened at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Kelso. Guests who had joined the duke at Floors Castle, his fine home on the Tweed, for a week's shooting over his Dumfriesshire moors stayed on for the christening, including the two godfathers, Mr. **Herbert Sheftel**, who is an American, and **Major Anthony Collins**, who is the duke's cousin.

The baby, three-month-old **Robert Anthony**, wore an exquisite christening robe of pale cream lace made in the 1830s. It was worn by both his father and grandfather and also by his four-year-old brother, the **Marquess of Bowmont**.

After the church ceremony the house party, including the two godmothers, the **Marchioness of Blandford** and the **Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie**, and the duchess's family who live nearby, gathered at Floors Castle for the family christening party. They drank the baby's health and ate the white iced birthday cake made by the Roxburghe's chef.

### PALE BLUE FOR THE BRIDE

The skirl of *Scotland the Brave* had the people of the little village of Fortingall, Perthshire, gathered at their garden

## WEDDINGS



**Homer—Gibson:** Miss Patricia Homer, daughter of Capt. & Mrs. G. E. Homer, of Singapore, married Capt. Michael Gibson, Gurkha Rifles, son of the late Mr. W. A. Gibson, of Johore, Malaya, and of Mrs. Gibson, The Moat House, Drayton Beauchamp, Bucks, at Westminster Cathedral



**Blagden—Robinson:** Miss Patricia Blagden, daughter of Mr. J. Blagden, of Ebury Mews, S.W.1, and Mrs. M. Yeatman, of Pangbourne, Berks, married Mr. Richard Robinson, son of Sir Roland & Lady Robinson, of Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1, at St. James the Less, Pangbourne



**Duncan—Young:** Miss Christina Lalage Duncan, youngest daughter of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. Nigel W. Duncan, Lower Westport, Wareham, Dorset, married Capt. Roger Halliburton Young, Royal Artillery, son of Dr. & Mrs. Maurice Young, The Old Corner House, Westham, Pevensey, Sussex, at the chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Maj.-Gen. Duncan was Lieut.-Governor & Secretary of the Royal Hospital from 1953 to 1957

gates when Miss **Penelope Molteno**, the brilliant young Scottish horsewoman, married **Count Claes Henric Lewenhaupt of Sweden**. Pipers played as the bride and her handsome bridegroom left the wee stone kirk—not only the Molteno family piper but pipers in tattered tam-o'-shanters who came on bicycles, their pipes on their shoulders.

The bridegroom, eldest son of **Count Claes Lewenhaupt of Claes Forp**, Sweden, had to wait several months for the granting of a Swedish royal decree permitting him to marry a commoner without losing his family inheritance. At Fortingall the villagers took him to their hearts. The blue-and-yellow flags of Sweden as well as the Union Jacks flew from roughly hewn, just-for-the-occasion, flagstaves along the village street. And the children had an afternoon off from school.

The bride, daughter of **Mr. & Mrs. D. J. Molteno** of Glen Lyon House, Fortingall, made a dramatic departure from the traditional white wedding dress. Hers was of pale blue and gold brocade—tiny gold horses embroidered on a blue background. "The material was a present from my fiancé from Damascus long before he proposed," she told me.

Swedes and Scots met and mingled at the reception at Glen Lyon House. The bridegroom's parents had flown over from Sweden, as had **Baron Von Blixen Finecke**, and **Mr. Jan Asker**, the Olympic horseman, and his pretty blonde wife. They heard **Mr. George Watson**, the bride's uncle, propose her health. I noticed **Brigadier & Mrs. Richard Colvin**, **Lady Abertay**, **Miss Caroline Barbour**, and **Mr. George Buchanan of Gashe** (a jaunty sprig of white heather in his buttonhole) among the listening guests.

At the small tables set alongside the herbaceous border there was talk of another wedding—the wedding two days later at Fortingall of the bride's pretty blonde sister **Fiona** who married **Capt. Gordon Lorimer** of the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders. She will make her home temporarily in Hampshire where her husband is training with the Parachute Regiment.

There was more pipe music as Count & Countess Lewenhaupt set off on their honeymoon. There to cheer them on their way were: **Sir George & Lady McGlashan**, **Mr. & Mrs. C. Rackham**, **The Macnab & Mrs. Macnab**, **Mr. & Mrs.**

*continued on page 280*



*Mr. W. S. Caird took some films of the reception at Glen Lyon House*



*Among the guests was Miss Vanessa Hudson, who came up from London*



*The bride's mother, Mrs. D. J. Molteno, with her guests after the wedding*



*Mrs. B. I. Asker with Count Eric Lewenhaupt, the bridegroom's uncle*



## Molteno—Lewenhaupt

At Fortingall, Perth, Miss Penelope Molteno married Count Claes Henric Lewenhaupt

*The bride & groom (right) got a lively send-off (above)*





## THE COMING-OUT DANCE FOR SALLY STUART BLACK

**MURIEL  
BOWEN**  
*continued*

Gavin Ogilvie, Mr. & Mrs. Francis Balfour, and Major James de Sales La Terriere. At the end of the month Count & Countess Lewenhaupt leave for Sweden, and she will take a bit of Fortingall with her—four horses and a dog.

### JOHNSON SLEPT HERE

In Dunbartonshire fairy lights illuminated a corner of Loch Lomond when Mr. & Mrs. Hervey Stuart Black gave a ball at Cameron House. It was a double celebration: the coming-out of their daughter Sally, a tall, slim, dark girl, and the coming-of-age of their second son, David, who like his father is in shipping on the Clyde. Young people gathered from all over Scotland. There were the Earl of Shelburne (he is son of the Marquess of Lansdowne, a Foreign Office Under-Secretary), Mr. David Dundas (who lives at Keltie Castle in Perthshire and is Viscount Melville's heir), Mr. Robert Findlay, Viscount Sudley, Messrs. Patrick & John Donaldson and Mr. Robin McIntyre. Most of the young girls were spending the weekend in house parties and then going south for Ayr Race Week, or north for the "Little Scottish Season" at Inverness. They included Miss Tessa Prain, Miss Judy Macmillan, the Hon. Sarah Maclay, and Miss Virginia Colville.

A most colourful figure was Mr. Michael Noble, who, with his kilt, wore a mustard-yellow jacket, cream satin waistcoat, ruffles of cream lace, and homespun scarlet stockings. He explained: "My mother had it made for me 30 years ago—it was copied from a picture." Mr. Noble has a wearing election campaign ahead—his Argyll division is 250 miles long and it has 70 inhabited islands.

The ball guests—350 of them—took up virtually the whole



Sir Charles McGrigor and Lady Edmonstone (facing each other, centre) in



Miss Sally Stuart Black, who shared the party with her brother David



The Hon. Margaret Dundas with Mr. David Dundas

of Cameron House, Major & Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett's handsome, ivy-clad mansion on the shores of the famous loch. Even the much revered bedroom used by James Boswell and Dr. Johnson was pressed into use for the evening. It was the ladies' dressing-room.

Among the older generation in a sitting-room I found Admiral Sir Angus Cunninghame Graham of Ardoch and his wife (he presented some of the furniture used in President Eisenhower's flat at Culzean Castle, including the dining-table), Capt. Michael Telfer-Smollett and his elegant American wife, who were up from London, Mr. & Mrs. John Dunlop, the former Australian Prime Minister Viscount Bruce of Melbourne, Mrs. Rupert Buchanan-Jardine up from Dumfries, and the Hon. Lady Maclean, wife of Brig. Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Bt. She told me that the hotel her family runs as a side interest on their Dunoon estate is having a bumper year.

It is a wonderful season in Scotland. Nobody can ever remember such good weather here, with summer cottons still being worn up in the Grampians in mid-September.

### SIR LEONARD'S SKELETON

A few days earlier I had been to another coming-out dance, this time in Yorkshire. It was given by Sir Leonard Ropner, Bt., & Lady Ropner for their younger daughter, Virginia, at Thorp Perrow, Bedale—their house on the edge of the Yorkshire Dales. There was a profusion of coloured lights. They twinkled from the evergreen trees surrounding the barbecue pit where guests sat on bales of straw and ate grilled sausages and chickens' legs. But quite the brightest touch was the larger-than-life skeleton, spotlighted and



Desmond O'Neill

library. Sir Charles's wife is Sir Archibald Edmonstone's sister



Hon. Lady Maclean, whose husband is contesting Lancaster



Miss Tessa Prain, whose coming-out ball was in the summer of 1958



Sir Leonard Ropner with his elder daughter Merle, a 1957 débutante

Van Hallan



Miss Virginia Ropner, whose dance it was, with her brother John

## THE COMING-OUT DANCE FOR VIRGINIA ROPNER



Mr. Julian de Lisle with Lady Gillian Pepys, the Earl of Cottenham's daughter



Miss Jane Aykroyd and Mr. Peter Evans Lombe dancing to the rhythm band

glistening in its coat of fluorescent royal-blue paint, and hanging from a tree. "Jolly artistic, Sir," said Mr. Peter Rickard to the artist—who was the host. "Very nice of you to say that," smiled Sir Leonard,

Miss Virginia Ropner is the liveliest and one of the most entertaining of the girls coming out this year (she hopes to be "backroom girl in a television studio," her mother tells me) and in consequence it was a big dance. The young men thought nothing of the 300-odd miles drive from London. Miss Victoria Vaughan, Miss Milet Delmé-Radcliffe, and Mr. Richard Carew Pole were the guests staying the weekend at Thorp Perrow. Many people who live in the neighbourhood put up ball guests, who came from far afield. Lt.-Col. & Mrs. John Courage had a house party, and so had Sir Robert & Lady Ropner and Mr. & Mrs. Roy Smith.

Miss Penelope Wrightson (whose mother the Hon. Lady Wrightson gives a dance for her at Neasham Hall, Darlington, on Saturday) was there, and other Yorkshire girls were Misses Sarah & Annabel Legard, Miss Angela Courage, Miss Marcia Lane-Fox, Miss Jane Aykroyd, and Miss Susan Radcliffe. Capt. Norman Arthur of the Royal Scots Greys, who earlier in the day had come fifth in the European Horse Trials, motored over from Harrogate. So did another of the competitors, Mr. Simon Walford, of the 17/21st Lancers.

There was dancing in the drawing-room, a large room with bay windows and pink brocade walls, and also in "the bungalow," a lofty summerhouse in the garden where a calypso band struck up at 1 a.m. Miss Ropner had worked several days on making the bungalow look like a Left-Bank night spot. Her efforts were just as successful as her father's painted skeleton.



In the crowded ballroom at Thorp Perrow, Bedale, the Ropner home in Yorkshire



Double honours for Miss Jennifer Graham-Clarke, winner of the Grand Individual Championship and a member of the winning Craven Hunt Branch team. 14 Hunt teams competed in the championship



16-year-old Graham Giles, riding his own pony, Scherzo, fell at a jump and (picture below) was pinned to the ground as the pony rolled over against the rails

YOUNG RIDERS COMPETE IN THE

## Pony Club Championships

AT STONELEIGH ABBEY, HOME OF  
LORD LEIGH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



Stoneleigh Abbey Fire Brigade's pump was used to fill the water-splash



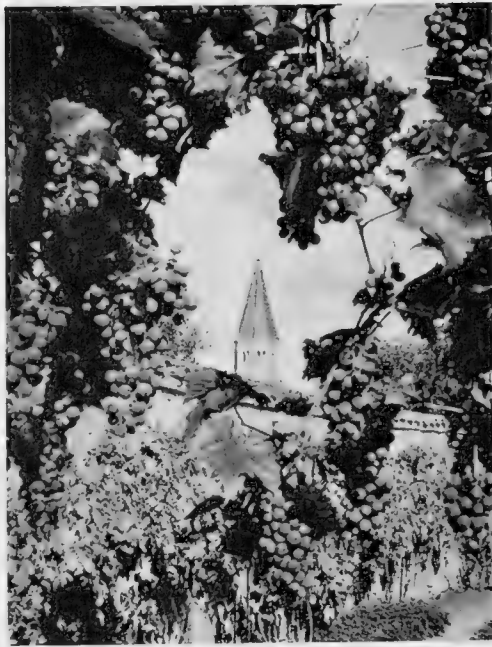
Championship officials included Col. the Hon. C. Guy Cubitt, one of the dressage judges, Miss Christine Black (Pony Club secretary) and Lieut.-Col. R. B. Moseley, who was the chief cross-country judge



Mounted once more (boy & pony were unhurt by the fall) Graham Giles takes the jump again successfully to complete in good style his round of the course

# They're picking the grapes in the Clochemerle country, where every village has its own tasting room for the wine-lover

BY PAMELA VANDYKE PRICE



IF YOU'VE EVER DRIVEN DOWN TO THE Riviera, you'll remember the great *route nationale* N 6 between Sens and Lyons—such a good road that 60 miles an hour feels like a steady 40. From a fast-moving car the surrounding country looks only moderately interesting and most people hurry on. But turning off the main road brings you to a part of France quite different from the rather plain little towns and flat fields alongside it. The Beaujolais country, where at this time of the year the grapes are being harvested, is a region for memorable experiences in eating and drinking, for art and architecture, and wonderful walks.

The hills, on their lower slopes, are mostly covered with vineyards and the villages stand on the tops much as they do in Tuscany, clustered round a church tower or château. As the land rises it becomes poorer and the vineyards stop—but the mountain sides become wooded or golden with broom. From points of vantage on the twisting roads you can look eastwards across the Saône valley to the Jura mountains and towards Switzerland—even, on a clear day, as far as the Mont Blanc range.

The wines of Beaujolais are of great individuality, fresh, fruity and of a lovely bright ruby colour. The continuing rise in the price of Burgundy means that people seeking full, soft red wines at moderate prices will find just what they want in the different kinds of Beaujolais. Some years keep very well, but it is generally true that Beaujolais is best when drunk within a year or two of the vintage. In the region itself you may be offered a six-month-old wine and find it delicious.

There is no more interesting way of buying wine for a dinner-party than to be able to relate your purchase to something you have

tasted on holiday. To make it easier the Compagnons du Beaujolais, one of the wine fraternities of France, have organized their district very well for visitors. At Belleville, in the Maison du Beaujolais, you can study large maps of the area, with special routes taking you through the most important and attractive places, according to the time you have to spare. The Route du Beaujolais, going from north to south, takes in Saint-Amour, Juliéna, Chénas, Moulin-à-Vent, Fleurie, Chiroubles, Morgon, Côtes de Brouilly and Brouilly—and in each of these villages there is a *salon de dégustation*. There, for a small sum, you can taste the wines and inspect pictures and historical relics of the neighbourhood. Most of the buildings, though recently put up, are traditional in style, with wooden benches and sometimes even sawdust on the floor. They are rather like medieval taverns must have been. A tour through them is the easiest and most agreeable way of learning the difference between the smooth elegance of Moulin-à-Vent (with the windmill outside), the flowery quality of Fleurie or the nobility of Morgon.

If you travel with rather conventional friends, however, perhaps you should miss the *salon de dégustation* at Julienas, which is not modern at all. Originally it was a church and was deconsecrated at the time of the French Revolution. It is now rather startlingly decorated with scenes of bucolic revelry. Talking of which the original of *Clochemerle* is nearby Beaujeu, where the inhabitants have cashed in on Gabriel Chevallier's free advertising, but without spoiling their village. The *salon de dégustation* is decorated with illustrations of incidents in the book.

At Romanèche-Thorins I love the house of Benoît Raclet—"saviour of the wine." It is a

typical old Beaujolais house, with a little gallery on the first floor giving it a slightly Italian look. Raclet's kitchen (where he carried out all his experiments) and all his rooms have been kept exactly as they were and could be used again at any time. The drainpipe from the kitchen sink was the one that sprinkled hot water on the vine that grew outside and killed the pests that were attacking it. This was what gave Raclet the solution to the problem of the disease that was then ravaging the vineyards.

Of course the Beaujolais would be unthinkable without its wine, but you could be a teetotaler and still find plenty of interest. Cluny, for instance. Until St. Peter's was built in Rome, Cluny was the largest abbey church in western Christendom. Monastically, it dominated France in the Middle Ages and exercised influence on the Papacy in the 11th and 12th centuries. It is one of the supreme examples of Romanesque architecture. Another important abbey is Charliour, which was attached to Cluny; it is in the west of the Beaujolais and its cloister is especially beautiful.

Farther east there is Bourg-en-Bresse, strictly outside the Beaujolais. The great church at Brou, beyond the town, is one of the glories of the French Renaissance—it is worth staying till dark to see it floodlit, when the sharpening of all the detail of the wonderful carving makes the building look as though it was only finished yesterday. Brou is a romantic monument, for it was built in the early 16th century to hold the tombs of Philip, Duke of Savoy, and Margaret de Bourbon, his first wife. She vowed to build the church as a thank-offering for his recovery from a hunting accident, but she died before she could do so. It was Philip's second wife, Margaret of Austria, who fulfilled the vow after Philip's death. The statues, especially those round the tombs, and the decorations on the choir-stalls are masterpieces.

In the Beaujolais itself there are the tombs of the sires of Beaujeu (from which place the region takes its name) in the church at Belleville, the big bell tower at Saint-Georges, and Notre-Dame des Marais at Villefranche-sur-Saône, all well worth looking at. A short way from Villefranche is Ars, where Jean-Baptiste Vianney was the famous *curé* in the early part of the 19th century; he was canonized in 1925 and there is a big pilgrimage every August on the anniversary of his death.

There are no large hotels in the Beaujolais, but at Pontenavaux, at Villefranche and at Belleville you can be sure of clean, simple accommodation at moderate cost. There are several small hotels up in the mountains at Les Echameaux, where there is a fine view. The Chapon Fin, at Thoissey, is a famous restaurant which also has a few rooms, and there are small, good restaurants, each with a few rooms, at Beaujeu, Juliéna and Romanèche-Thorins. In any wine area you are pretty sure of good food and from Dijon down to Lyons the cooking is generally excellent. This is a welcoming part of France.

# AUTUMN FASHION

In Paris, in London, anything goes—fitted jacket, loose jacket, hip-length, waist-length or what you will. It's a time to take your pick while the fashions are friendly. The mid-season collections of the London wholesalers prove the point while Balenciaga and Givenchy (pages 292-5) provide a forecast of things to come.

ON THE COVER: A grey and white tweed three-piece by Matita with nine-eighths jacket and matching tapering skirt. The waistcoat and the Henry Heath hat are in off-white kid. At Woollands, Knightsbridge; Rosetta, Bristol; Miss Stewart, Harrogate. Prices: suit 36 gns., waistcoat 16½ gns. Gloves in Pittards washable leather



Papal yellow pure silk satin against a background of autumn tints for a long-line dress (opposite) that sheathes the body, leaves the shoulders bare and defines the waist. Quilting makes a warm lining for the sweeping coat. A Frederick Starke model at Woollands; Edith Bennett, Wilmslow; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Price: for the coat, 72 gns., the dress, 44 gns. The cascade necklace of green crystal beads costs 67s. 6d. from Marshall & Snelgrove, London







From six p.m. onwards the black sheath dress is a basic. Horrockses permutation is in black wool, knotted at the waist with a tie of black satin, shallow of neck and with small sleeves. Price: 7½ gns., at Hunts, New Bond Street; Chanelle, Bournemouth; John Barry, Northampton. Beige tulle cocktail hat by Reed Crawford, Kinnerton Street, S.W.1

## AUTUMN FASHION *continued*

Late-day and the little black dress (*below*) is an elegant arrival in the new guise of wide, triangular sleeves, deep belt and bowed neck. The English dress with the look of Paris is made here in black ottoman by Susan Small. Price: around 13½ gns. at Galeries Lafayette; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Daly's, Glasgow. Available at the beginning of November



After-dark and the cocktail dress (*right*) is slender, black, with perfect proportions. Gently rounded neck and fitting bodice give way to draping over the hips which narrows into a slender skirt. Fine black wool dress by Marcusa, 9½ gns., at Harvey Nichols; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Black velvet skull cap with a wide frothing of silver fox by Reed Crawford, Kinnerton Street, S.W.1



Night and the floor-touching column which takes its inspiration from Paris is translated on the opposite page in white satin with a zig-zag white fringe down the front. Dress by Frank Usher, price: about 17½ gns., at Catherine Martineau, Birmingham; Affleck & Brown, Manchester

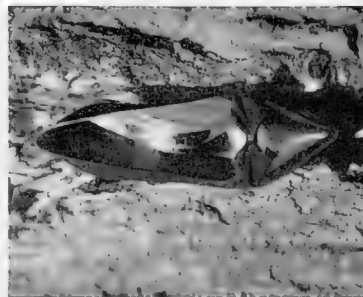
# AUTUMN FASHION

*continued*

**Black and bright blue** checked suit (right) has a sleek black fox fur collar. To be in the swim your jacket must be at least hip-length. Suit by Jaeger at leading Jaeger branches. Price: 37½ gns. Black kid and suède cloche from Reed Crawford



**The line-up** of shoes (to wear with the suits) starts with Mondaine's black patent and beige leather courts, continues (*centre*) with their black suède and calf shoes with a suède bow and finishes with Saxone's black leather courts with pointed toes and a swathe of leather over the front



**Moss green wool** for a coat and skirt, casually tie-belted and trimmed with beaver cone. Kid hat by Reed Crawford, Kinner-ton Street, S.W.1. Henri suit, £52, at Harrods; Jenners, Edinburgh; Heath Davis, Neath



**Suit-lines** for autumn will be influenced by the triangular-sleeved suits of Nina Ricci. The black bouclé wool suit by Polly Peck (*opposite*) has a broad calf belt, a curving skirt. Price: around 14½ gns., from the Polly Peck Boutique at Derry & Toms. Essential extra this year: the fox fur choker rimming the neck





**Seen in Paris**, the new calyx line finds an English interpretation in the dress (*left*) by Frank Usher. Rose taffeta makes a small top with a curving skirt studded with an out-size rose. About 15 gns., at Peter Jones; Renée Meneely, Belfast; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham



**Shoes** to suit a glittering night life are pointed, slender heeled with a sheen in the fabric. Italian golden kid pumps (*right*) are lit by a diamanté buckle. By Magli, Bologna, at Lotus. Formal black satin makes the cocktail shoe (*centre*) at Fanchon. Black satin again for a cocktail-hour shoe by Holmes with an upstanding loop (*far right*)



**AUTUMN**

**Sunlight** shines on a short evening dress, inspired directly by the Italian collections, whose width swings from a downward falling back panel. In gunmetal taffeta, its shoulder straps are clasped by diamanté brooches. By Jean Allen, about 12 gns., at Daly's, Glasgow; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh



Winter will feature long dresses. Susan Small's (*left*) has a big skirt in bronze rayon silk and a dipping top in black velvet. Price: around 19½ gns. at Derry & Toms at the beginning of November



## FASHION *continued*

Evening light flatters the glowing colour of a new-length dinner dress (*right*) inspired by Balmain. Rose-coloured satin makes this slender dress by London Town. Price: around 14 gns., at Harvey Nichols; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham, London; Diana Warren, Blackpool





**Kingpins** of Givenchy's collection were his topcoats. This white wool unlined coat has a squared-up look edged with French seaming. Tabs fasten the side vents and the tiny collar is set away from the neck. Worn with a black mink high hat. Often his coats were reversible (*inset*), showing an inch of the skirt

# POSTSCRIPT TO PARIS



## 1 GIVENCHY

Showing a month later than the other Paris houses, Balenciaga & Givenchy follow an elegant line logically evolved from year to year. This autumn at Givenchy the interest lay in suits & topcoats

**Blueprint** for suits at Givenchy is this barely-fitted line (*opposite*) with rounded shoulders, curving skirt and shortened sleeves. In charcoal and light greyhound's-tooth tweed with huge buttons of twisted silver mesh with grey cabouchon centres

**Waists** at Givenchy dropped to hip level during the day, rose to a high line at night. The charcoal grey tweed dress (*left*) with a fringed basque has a lowered waist with a lengthened fluid line cropped at knee level. His tunic dresses were cinched at the waist with broad kid cummerbunds and had round, collarless necks





Paris by night and Balenciaga's rose silk satin cloak and dress are reflected in a mirrored hall. The mink tied cloak is cut on full and flowing lines. The dress (*below left*) relies on severely simple construction with a skirt that juts sharply from a small bodice to the floor. The huge jewel is a sun-burst of gold and brilliants. Balenciaga's jewels were more often pomander-size globes hanging from jewelled chains

# POSTSCRIPT TO PARIS

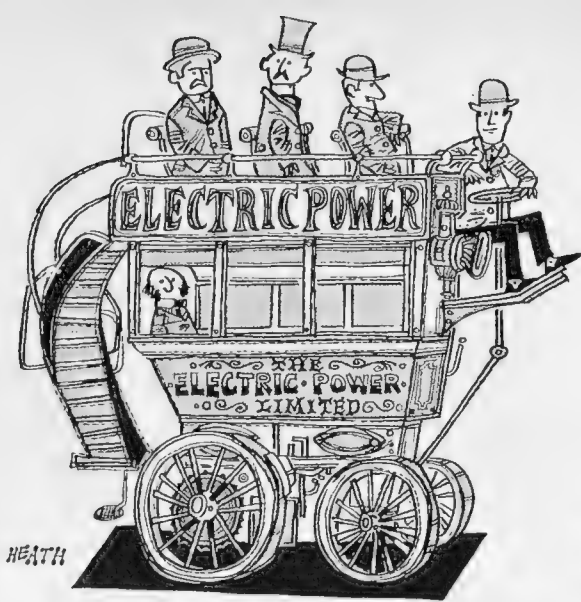
## 2 BALENCIAGA

His collection stresses simplicity. Like Givenchy he walks a stylized fashion tightrope, leaving the somersaults (and the tumbles) to the rest of Paris



Paris by day in Balenciaga's white tweed suit (*opposite*) which has a rounded line to the shoulders, side-vents and a loosely gathered, tapering skirt which partly bares the knees. All are pointers to his current line. The suit is paired with a huge hat of snow leopard





## Round the U.S. by bus

It took eight weeks and covered 8,000  
miles, with long stop-offs at San Francisco,  
Los Angeles, the Grand Canyon, and New Orleans. Two  
British girls did the trip on three months' savings

BY ANGELA  
HUTH  
*who also took  
the pictures*

IT BEGAN ON A PUTTY COLOURED, DRIZZLING New York morning. New Yorkers were going back to work again after the glitter and gaiety of the New Year and we were off on a trip long imagined but little planned. The only fixed decision was "to go round America by bus and to see and do as much as possible on just over 300 dollars each." We aimed at being back in New York in March to sail home. My fellow traveller was Marilyn Rae Smith. We had come over from London and worked for three months in New York to pay for the trip. Now, with our tickets to San Francisco and a few qualms, we arrived at the Greyhound bus station.

Reality is often disillusioning and any flowery images I had had about travelling by bus were soon killed. There was nothing glamorous about the terminal or the passengers, the smell of old hamburgers and the chewing-gum dried on benches. But the bus itself was comfortable enough and the view, I told myself, was *new and interesting*. In fact, the countryside we passed that day was as cheerless as Cambridgeshire in November. We "slept" on the bus that night—a night of pretty threadbare sleep (as all subsequent nights on buses proved to be)—and we arrived in St. Louis, Mo., in the morning. The place was under thick snow.

By the time we reached Kansas City the next night (after a four-hour wait on suitcases in the bus terminal) it was 15 degrees below zero. The only cheering thing was our first sight of a cowboy, though in fact he was only 12 and wearing a tourist stetson. Gloom continued as we were transferred to an "extra" bus—one without heating. It was as crowded as the subway at the rush hour and I

*Snapping these beggars, both over 90, caused a hostile demonstration in Juarez, Mexico. We left hastily . . .*

had to stand for 70 miles. Then we changed to a slightly warmer bus, but by this time the cold had penetrated too deeply, and when at four-thirty in the morning we stopped again—this time for "breakfast" of coconut cream pie under green neon lights in a roadside café—two shivering little piccaninnies understandably fell asleep at their table.

Denver, where we thankfully arrived eight hours later, was warm and wet and slushy. Men wore stetsons and baggy-kneed trousers and the Rockies were in the distance. There was a definite feeling of the West, especially with the prospect of continuing next day through Colorado to Cheyenne. I hopefully imagined one main street, a drug store with horses tied to hitching posts outside, cowboys clicking their heels. . . . Reality was more like Reading. There is a prominent railway station and there are a lot of advertisements for sliced bread.

On via Salt Lake City, and there were no more adventures on the bus, apart from the temptations of the fruit machines at Reno, until we reached San Francisco. We spent a week there. It was warm and sunny and the ice-creams at Blums were irresistible. The Golden Gate and other great bridges looped across the bay into flimsy mists; cable cars clanked up and down hills, bedraggled Beatniks drank beer and "thought" in Bagels; seals posed on Pacific rollers and an old Negro leant over the sea wall, staring along the road to Monterey. There were lots of Oriental faces and high-pitched voices, Chinese scrawls and lanterns and lights and curious, exotic-looking foods. There were also great numbers of tourists and an abundance of souvenirs.

Next: Los Angeles, as different from San Francisco as any two cities could be. Huge, noisy, busy, ugly, hot, dirty, tough—and with a population that increases by 44,000 people a month. We did not stay there, but in Pasadena, and those two weeks were perhaps the best of the trip. We stayed with the kindest family one could hope to find. They lived in a pink Spanish-style house with an orange tree and exotic flowers in the garden. Nearby were lots of other pastel-painted houses with pocket-handkerchief squares of emerald lawn and camellias growing like weeds. All the avenues were lined with those vast palm trees that look like giraffes wearing bearskins.

There were numerous parties and racing at Santa Anita twice a week. We sunbathed on Balboa Island, went by boat around Newport Harbour (which has a larger collection of millionaires' yachts than anywhere else in the world), visited Farmer's Market and Disneyland—one of the most incredible places in California. There was a Mexican bazaar, an Indian village, a miniature Grand Canyon, space ships and plastic houses in "Tomorrowland" and a small boat



that takes you to "Adventureland" passing through all the large rivers and jungles in the world in five minutes. Life-size, almost truer than life crocodiles, hippopotami, lions, elephants, zebras, gorillas, giraffes and tigers blink and roar, and pigmies do a war dance and sing. They are all rubber and plastic.

We also toured M.G.M. studios, where Mel Ferrer showed us around.

Best of all in California was a weekend on a ranch. It was in a small valley of blue and beige hills, surrounded by Californian oak trees dripping with Spanish moss, which swung in the breeze like a hanging man's hair and was lugubrious even in the sunlight. Our host's welcome was most impressive. He appeared with a clatter of hooves in the approved cloud of dust and, when it settled down, there was a perfect cowboy on a quarter horse with all the trimmings! Moments later, we ourselves were in Western saddles helping to round up a cow.

Then followed a ride through those trails one always sees in Westerns—through purple sage and dull brushwood, over streams and up and down precarious slopes, through grazing cattle and hundreds of those sad, eerie grey oaks. The brushwood smelt of sophisticated lavender, and the berries on the hollywood trees shone through the shadows.

The ranch house proved to be not quite so "normal." Our host was a sculptor, and he had a Bellini over the fireplace and several David Gerards. Dinner was cooked by a French cook and served by an English butler. Guests were writers, artists and ranch-owners. One might have been in an embassy in some capital rather than in a remote valley north of Santa Barbara.

Back to the bus and on to the Grand Canyon. We spent a whole day driving through the deserts of Arizona and were lucky enough to see one of their renowned sunsets—it was indescribably beautiful. But at the Grand Canyon came a shock—it was freezing cold and snowing, and we had sent all our warm clothes on to New Orleans. However, we stoically signed a list to say we would go down on nules the following day.

It proved unforgettable in every way, particularly he cold. We were numb after half-an-hour—and it took over four hours to get down. The only other descender, apart from the guide, was a pro-British golf-course keeper from Iowa who had pink socks with red arrows on them. He sang English war songs most of the way down to make us feel at home. It was nowing hard by the time we got back but every rozen step had been worth while. For, impressive though the Canyon is from the top, one can have no idea what it is really like until going down. As the first cowboy to see it remarked, "a hell of a place to lose a cow."

One outcome of our visit was that our golf course friend offered us a lift to Phoenix. It was a glorious drive along endless straight roads, with pale, scrub desert and a frieze of mountains on all sides. Armies of saguari cacti grew 20 or 30 feet high.

After Phoenix—a pleasant city, clean and unhurried with houses amid orange and lemon groves—we went to El Paso, New Mexico. It was muggy, drizzling and depressing. We arrived late one night and crossed over the Mexican border to Juarez next morning. We had been warned to "be careful" and to carry no money because of pickpockets; and we could soon see why. Poverty was evident. Beggars pestered us and so did stallholders, selling trash on every sidewalk. Then while we were photographing a couple of very old beggars on the church steps, a crowd of people in

the piazza below, who had nothing to do, objected. They charged up the steps, shouting Spanish abuse. They made it plain that we could "make ourselves at home in Mexico but not with cameras." So, with curses still lashing around our ears, we left hastily.

Next came the nightmare of the whole trip. We had to spend two consecutive nights on the bus to get to New Orleans in time for Mardi Gras—and before leaving El Paso we had got food poisoning from some Mexican speciality. The weather was hot and the air-conditioning in the bus had broken down. The passengers included eight screaming babies and some noisy teenagers and there were two wirelesses (on different stations) playing full blast. Also, it was foggy and skiddy, and the bus jerked all the way across Texas.

What was this Mardi Gras we had heard so much about? We set off to see it with no idea what to expect and, indeed, we could never have imagined what it is really like. New Orleans at Mardi Gras is a city gone mad—a wonderful madness that should happen to more cities more often. In the early morning, we went down to the river to watch the "Zulu" procession—the procession of coloured people. The weather was still persistently grey. People gathered on the banks to watch the Zulu King arrive in his barge. A horn blew; the barge appeared. There was tremendous cheering and waving, though, in fact, all one could see was a pink velvet smudge with a black head. Later on, when the King ascended a vast throne on a huge float, we could see better his fabulous robes, costing thousands of dollars. The Zulu Queen was a rather unfortunate-looking coloured girl with glasses, but she could evidently afford to foot the huge bill for her clothes and retinue.

Walking among the crowds was a fascinating occupation in itself—there were space-men and gorillas, devils and tigers and little girls in ballet skirts. Families came in uniform: some in convict stripes, some dressed as clowns or Chinese, some merely covered in labels from beer cans. Old men and women, who had seen it all 70 times before, sat on the sidewalks and marvelled again. Balloons, ice-cream cartons, beer cans and fruit peel began to litter the gutters. Grotesque, masked faces smiled papier mâché smiles. Girls winked with three-inch false eyelashes.

In Lafayette Square we stood under a tree (still dripping from an earlier shower) and drank coke spiced with bourbon—a favourite Southern drink. Maybe it was the bourbon that did it—I don't know—but by the time the Rex procession arrived everyone's blood was up with the *joie de Mardi Gras*. Down the street came the first float—a 20-foot high dragon rolling its football-size eyes and snorting real smoke. Such floats they were! A roaring papier mâché lion, a dove with pale blue flapping wings. Altogether, there were 117 of them.

Just as a float of Dutch girls was passing there came the real downpour. The crowds rushed for the shelter of the trees but continued to cheer. Then, just as suddenly, the sun reappeared and all the thousands of colours were reflected in the shining streets. Make-up ran down cheeks and even the bright confidence of the plaster masks was dampened—but who cared?

Later, we walked down Bourbon Street in the French Quarter. The houses were in pastel colours, with wrought-iron balconies and awnings over their front doors. Dixieland music beat into the street through open windows. Everybody was walking unhurriedly, looking at everybody else and drinking a great deal. During intermittent showers we sheltered



Street dancing in Mardi Gras masks

continued  
overleaf

# ROUND THE U.S. BY BUS *continued*

under the tiny awnings and watched free cabarets—a fight, a cowboy rescuing a girl in black satin who had lost her shoes and a very drunk drunk in lilac pyjamas who danced, sang and punched the rain.

We stayed in New Orleans two more days then went on to English friends in Fort Walton, Florida, where we split forces. Marilyn went farther south to Tampa and I continued up through the Deep South. My journey to Waycross, Georgia, was enchanting. The countryside was unlike anything I had seen. The great highways and freeways and miles of straight road gave way to narrow, curving lanes, almost English in appearance. It was a cultivated land. We passed potato fields and carrot fields but the chief crop was tobacco. Sometimes the road curved through a swamp; vast oak trees stood waist high in flat grey water and they, like the oaks in California, were hung with the same depressing moss. An occasional palm tree grew among the oaks and an occasional Negro fisherman sat humped in a punt, watching his line.

Blossom trees sprouted in every available space—red bud trees, forsythia, pink and white cherry and many I had never seen. On the outskirts of the towns and out in the country there were Negro shacks—little more than unpainted planks nailed together and crowned with a bent chimney stack. Through open doors, I caught glimpses of indescribable mess. All the shacks had verandas and these overflowed with coloured children of all ages—meagrely dressed, thin little children playing marbles, or perhaps a game of ball over the line of washing. Many of these shacks had television aerials on their roofs.

It was on the bus to Waycross that I met a charming woman who became one of my greatest friends in the States. Her father had been English and, she explained, she would do anything for an English person. Would I go and stay with her in Savannah? (This kind of thing happens in America.) She had one of the most beautiful old homes I had seen, and Savannah, too, was unique and enchanting. Most of the houses in the squares (Savannah has more squares than streets) are Adams, built of mellow brick and with wrought-iron balconies and garden fences similar to those in New Orleans. The gardens and squares are exquisitely kept—filled with fountains and oak trees and palm trees, together with great clumps of azalea bushes.

Down by the docks, near the old Corn Market, there were cobblestone streets, gas lamps and the restaurant in which Captain Flint was supposed to have died.

We stood under the oak tree where Charles Wesley preached and looked at the dirty little steamers with grubby sails. Later, we went to an oyster roasting, a Southern form of midnight picnic. We sat on the river banks under the oak trees—ominous in the moonlight—warmed by a bonfire, and ate fresh oysters soused in ketchup. This was more gritty than romantic, but it was great fun—though, in the end, I changed to hot dogs!

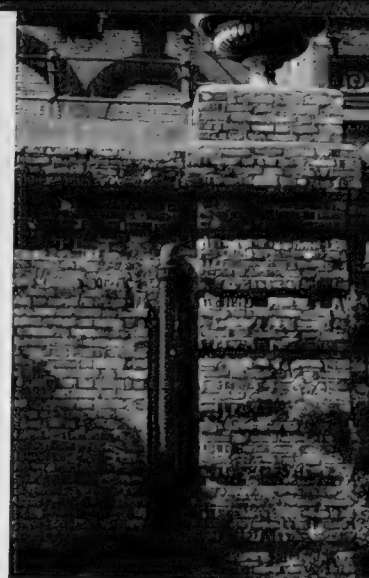
On Sunday, we went to a plantation and walked through ricefields to the old slave graveyard, where their descendants are still buried. There were bottles of medicine and saucepans on the graves. The coloured people believe these are needed in heaven. We lunched (shrimp pilau, corn pone, ocrea and crystalized water-melon were among the courses) in a basement dining-room with a spinning wheel in one corner of the room and a cauldron over the fire. It was all very atmospheric—but not until the old black mammy walked in was the picture of the Old South complete. Fat and grotesque, wearing an ill-fitting suit and yellow frilly hat, she had come from church. Her smile was crowded with dazzling white teeth and her eyes were black, huge and kind. "Would you all like a song?" she suggested shyly. Of course we wanted a song, many songs; so she stretched out her hands in front of the fire and sang Negro spirituals in her magnificent voice. We stopped eating and just listened. Finally, she broke into "Swanee River" and we all joined in the chorus.

After that, even Charleston, with its pastel houses and exquisite gardens and cobbled streets leading down to the Atlantic, had an air of being a little shabby and faded. I went on, non-stop, through North Carolina and Virginia to Washington (white marble monuments, blue skies and blossom trees, and a decided something of Kensington), then I took the bus for the last lap back to New York. It was sad, squeezing down the aisle and bumping past women padded with paper bags for the last time. But I was looking forward to getting back.

The bus arrived in the evening. It was exciting to glimpse the first familiar skyline for two months and many miles. The terminal was just as it had been on that morning two months ago—the smell of old hamburgers and the dried chewing gum were still there—but, somehow, they seemed almost endearing now. I had travelled 8,000 miles by bus, I thought, as I tried in vain to find a porter.

## BRIGGS by Graham





## Afterglow at Ally Pally

The old building is still a landmark but the bustle and excitement of the days when it launched the nation's TV have gone. There is still sporadic activity (including the London World Trades Fair this week) but not enough to keep the weeds in check. It is a building that never did have much luck—it was burnt down two weeks after it was first opened in 1873

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER HILL





SILENT ROOM is one of many in which sunlight floods a vast emptiness. In other parts of the Palace people box, roller skate and eat banquets but the exhibition rooms are rarely used and in winter caretakers

mopping up the drips from the roof provide the only activity. In the great days all London came to see Blondin walk the tightrope or to hear Melba sing at the music festivals

## Afterglow at Ally Pally *continued*

HOLIDAY CHILDREN take over the play enclosure near the TV mast at weekends. There is also a football field and, behind the Palace, a boating lake, miniature railway and, often, a fair

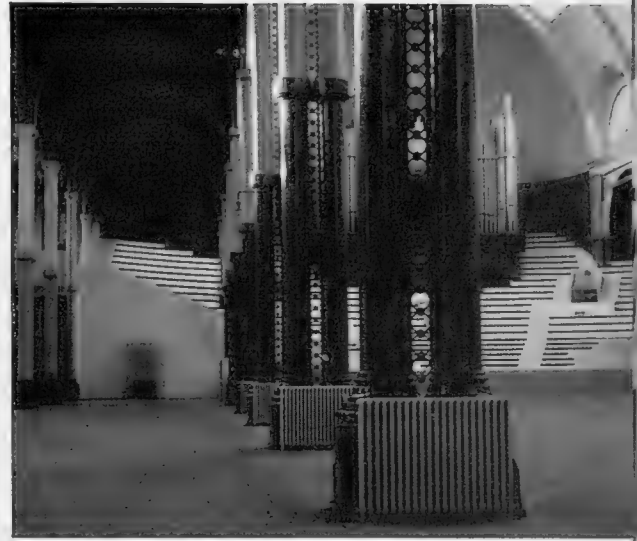


RETIRED BUSINESSMEN (and many active ones) foregather in summer on the billiard-smooth bowling green; 280 acres of parkland (once 500) includes terraced gardens, tennis courts and the racecourse





SILENT HOPE of an establishment to rival "the great institutions of the British Museum, Kew Gardens & South Kensington" still survives in an exotic palm. But the idea never took. Horseracing and fireworks drew the crowds, not tropical herbage



SILENT ORGAN is reputedly the largest in Europe. Water damaged it during the war but an appeal has been launched for funds to restore it

QUIET REFLECTION for sitters-out by a fountain in an inner court of the Palace. Here the atmosphere approaches that conceived by the founders in their plan for a North London rival to the Crystal Palace. Palace and Park are now controlled by trustees



BRISK AUCTIONEERS knock down the bargains at Ally Pally's weekly car sales. the bidding is rapid, the condition — strictly spot cash





## interviews

## MISS HILDA HARDING

BRITAIN'S FIRST WOMAN BANK MANAGER

MONICA FURLONG reports:

*I met Miss Harding in Barclays' new branch in Hanover Street. With its concealed pink lighting, its arm-chairs, its gold and white curtains and its magnificent arrangement of flowers, it is very different from the traditional bank.*



*Miss Harding, this branch seems to have effected a revolution in bank design. Is this your doing?*

MISS HARDING: I certainly had a hand in it and discussed it with the architect at every stage. I chose the fabrics and argued over the placing of the lighting. And I was determined to have flowers. When I first visited the site and there was nothing here at all, I stood where the door would be, pointed across the room and said, "That's where I'm going to have my flowers." It has become a joke that the bank was more or less built round them.

*But is it usual for a bank manager to have so much say in the appearance of a branch? I thought all banks were turned out to a uniform pattern.*

MISS HARDING: Barclays were very considerate. They asked me what I thought, and when they saw I was full of ideas they let me use them. It was all done by our staff architect, and when he saw what I was after he was quite marvellous. There is no reason, after all, to be blindly conservative. In the manager's office, for instance, it is usual to have oil paintings, or something like that, as decoration. There were some raised eyebrows over my china plates, but if I'm going to be here for the next twelve years or so, I want something pretty to look at.

*What did you feel when you heard you were to be the first woman bank manager in the country? Were you scared?*

MISS HARDING: No, not scared at all, at least not at first, though I could see the job was going to use my abilities up to the hilt. I was very, very happy about it. What I had

not reckoned with was the enormous amount of interest the appointment would arouse, not only in England but all over the world. I did feel rather alarmed when I found I was the subject of a press conference.

*Are there women bank managers in other parts of the world?*

MISS HARDING: Only two that I know of—one in China and another in Chicago, and I believe the Chicago bank deals only with women clients.

*Will there be more women bank managers in this country in the near future?*

MISS HARDING: Yes, I'm sure of it. Several of the other banks have told me rather ruefully that they're furious Barclays got in with the idea first.

*Why do you think women have taken so long to reach the top in banking when they've gone so far in other professions?*

MISS HARDING: Well, of course, banks are conservative, but I think it has been largely the fault of the women themselves. Before the war girls who went into banks from school at 16 or 18 often never considered taking banking seriously as a career. They felt they were just filling in time till they got married and so didn't bother to take exams and courses as the men did. And because of this there have been, until recently, few women available with the necessary qualifications and, just as important, the necessary experience of people, to take on such a job.

*What has been the reaction of your male colleagues to your appointment?*

MISS HARDING: They have been extraordinarily kind though I believe one or two of the other managers have been scandalized at the amount I have talked to the press. They told me I had made their jobs harder because I had dissipated some of the mystery that surrounds banking!

*Yes, do bankers have to be so intimidating and mysterious?*

MISS HARDING: Well, there must be absolute secrecy over one's dealings with clients, but I don't see why it need be carried any further. I want to encourage people to come here and to feel that they can meet a friend here or use our writing-room and cloakroom when they are in London.

*You have strong competition from other banks in this area.*

MISS HARDING: Yes, Barclays weren't being condescending when they gave me this branch—it's quite a tough job. As we started here from scratch at Account No. 1, and as there are plenty of other banks round here for people to choose from, we know that the clients we have come to us because they find us efficient and friendly.

*How do men clients react to a woman manager?*

MISS HARDING: Those who opened accounts here already knew the situation and so presumably had no objection to the idea. It really makes very little difference to conducting business, you know. But I must say women have supported me most generously. I am very grateful to them.

*I believe you have men working under you. Does that work well?*

MISS HARDING: Yes, there are two men. Two men and four women. The men complain of being henpecked, but the truth is they are outrageously spoilt. They seem to be happy here.

*Would you like to see women occupy more top executive posts in this country?*

MISS HARDING: I should like to think that women who have outstanding ability have the opportunity to put it to the fullest possible use. That would seem to be economic.

*There may be 100 years between some of the objects in this room, but to most people they are just "old"—and therefore familiar and acceptable. Our eyes have grown up with them, and never questioned them*

Presenting a set of picture comparisons of contemporary and traditional designs. **Lady Casson** chose the examples and **Gerti Deutsch** took the photographs of them



CONTROVERSY

## HAS CRAFTSMANSHIP HAD IT?

*Here the time span covers hundreds of years—from a classical torso to a chair put into production in 1959. The house itself is Regency, yet these products of our time mingle in it harmoniously with things of other periods*





*As sturdy as it looks, this hand-made chair is cut from solid wood. Perhaps the design is not as conscious of comfort as the modern equivalent, nor is the desk as capacious. Compare this combination with the modern desk and chair on the opposite page*

#### HAS CRAFTSMANSHIP HAD IT ? continued

*Though hand-made and hand-carved, chairs like the one at left were produced in substantial numbers. But craftsmen capable of doing such work are no longer plentiful enough. Instead, simplified versions of the chairs, suitable for machine manufacture, are turned out in quantity. Right: The Windlesham chair shows sturdiness, beauty, and grace, which of its kind has never been surpassed*





*Contemporary methods for the contemporary chair. The wood-and-metal example at left is mass-produced in easily assembled sections as shown on the right. Cost is exactly controlled at every stage. The wire chair, too, exploits the materials of this age, its light appearance being designed to minimize visual obstruction*

ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHING FEATURES OF THE English attitude to design is a curious faith in the hand-made article. Curious, because the entire greatness of the British position has been founded on the machine—the steam-engine in particular. Even today our prosperity depends directly on our success as a manufacturing nation. Yet the British mind still thinks of quality as

essentially a matter of manual skill, and is reassured by strips of polished wood (actually machine-made plywood, suitably veneered) inside all-metal motor-cars. Such touches seem to hint at “craftsmanship,” and the belief lingers that but for a shortage of craftsmen all would be well again and everybody could enjoy top-quality

*continued overleaf*

*Contemporary desk-and-chair combination. Modern construction enables the massive cupboard section to be supported on two slim legs, giving a light appearance as well as facilitating sweeping underneath. Ingenious design of the cupboard door and drawer does away with handles while adding interest to the flush front*



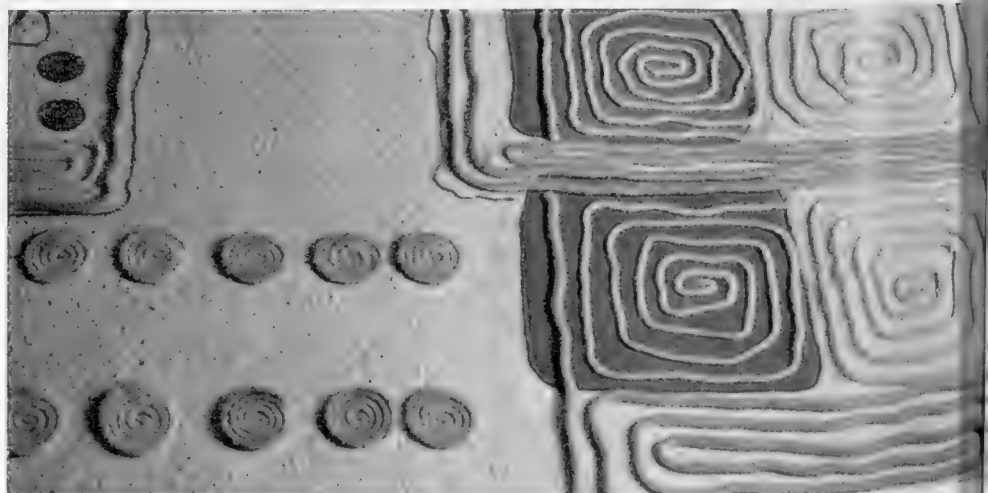
## HAS CRAFTSMANSHIP

HAD IT? *continued*

reproductions of Chippendale. (In fact the thriving business of reproductions probably does absorb most of the remaining craftsmen.)

In these days, though, things are made not by men but by machines, and no amount of additional craftsmen could alter that. For the custom-made item is now an expensive luxury, and we buy our clothes, our furniture and appliances off the peg. The vital shortage is not of craftsmen but of designers. It is the designer who is responsible for the goods that come off the peg, who fixes the shapes for the machines to make—and, properly exploited, the machine in its factory is capable of making shapes that are just as elegant, exciting and durable as anything that was once shaped by hand in an old-established workshop.

The whole point of modern design is so to shape a product that a machine can turn it out at an economic price. Indeed the machine has imposed a new language in design, just as the camera forced artists to seek a new language in painting. There can be no turning back, and the pity is that in England there is still so much hankering after antiques and reproductions. In this atmosphere it is hardly surprising that good modern design has difficulty in flourishing. The difficulty may be judged at the Design Centre in Haymarket, national showplace for the best in modern design. There it is often noticeable that a number of the exhibits are not British designs at all, but merely British-made reproductions of foreign designs (usually by a subsidiary company). Fortunately there are now signs of a growing demand in industry for properly qualified designers, artists with a full understanding of the possibilities and limitations of industrial production. They can hardly be trained quickly enough to meet the need.—HENRY AWBRY.



*Three methods of embroidery, each in the idiom of its time. Above: A florid floral design in Victorian bead embroidery. Below it, a simple hand-stitched cotton bedspread of the simpler age that preceded it. At bottom: a machine-stitched counterpane, the design conceived for the machine and exploiting its capabilities*

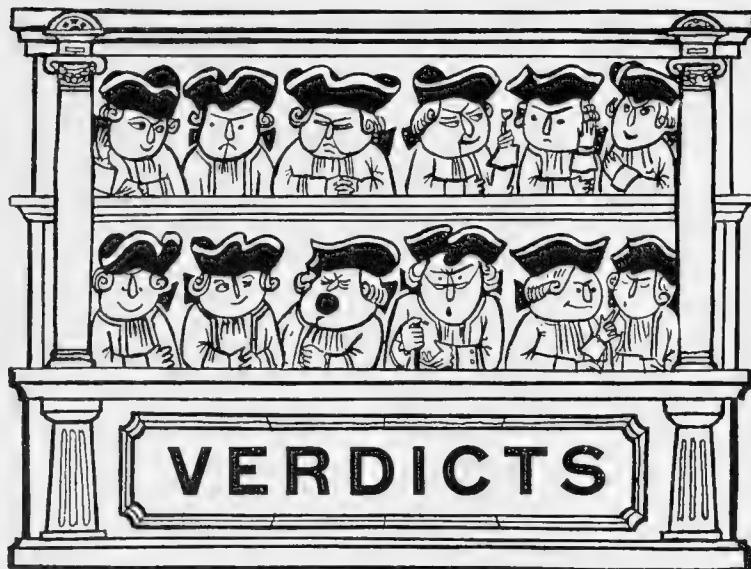


*Traditional and contemporary in tableware. The design for the Wedgwood china (left) is traditional, the silver mustard-pot is Georgian, and the glass boot vase is Nailsea. The contemporary spread (right) comprises cups, saucers, bowls and plate by David Queensberry, a German coffee-pot and jug, and Scandinavian cruet and cullery. Chair by Terence Conran*

*Successor to the craftsman is the designer: an artist who conceives on the drawing-board designs that the machine can reproduce. Working always in consultation with engineers and production experts, an experienced designer can turn his hand to products as far apart as a typewriter and a toaster.*



**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:** Lampshade in modern room (p. 303) lent by Rotaflex; curtains by Hull Traders Ltd. Things on table from Woollands. Dining chairs (p. 305) by Terence Conran. Desk and chair (p. 305) made by Mrs. Hille



## THEATRE

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

### Wit gets this Soho musical by

*The play* **THE CROOKED MILE**

(Elisabeth Welch, Millicent Martin, John Larsen, Elwyn Brook-Jones, Jack MacGowran).  
Cambridge Theatre

*The films* **ASK ANY GIRL**

(Shirley MacLaine, David Niven, Gig Young, Rod Taylor, Jim Backus). Director Charles Walters

**GREEN MANSIONS**

(Audrey Hepburn, Anthony Perkins, Lee J. Cobb, Sessue Hayakawa). Director Mel Ferrer

**GOLD OF NAPLES**

(Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, Silvana Mangano, Toto). Director Vittorio De Sica

**YELLOWSTONE KELLY**

(Clint Walker, Edward Byrnes, Andra Martin).  
Director Gordon Douglas

*The records* **THE HIGH & THE MIGHTY** by Lionel Hampton

**SOFT SWINGIN' JAZZ** by Joe Newman

**NEW BOTTLE OLD WINE** by Gil Evans

**BLUE ANGELS** by Joe Bushkin

*The books* **MEMOIRS OF A PRINCESS**

by Princess Marie Von Thurn und Taxis.  
(Hogarth, 21s.)

**LAWYER HEAL THYSELF**

by Bill Mortlock. (Gollancz, 15s.)

**THE AGE OF DEFEAT**

by Colin Wilson. (Gollancz, 16s.)

IN "THE CROOKED MILE" AT THE Cambridge Mr. Peter Wildeblood has taken a typical American musical theme—gang rivalry in Soho. He treats it in the incurably frivolous tradition of English musical comedy. The gangsters are presented with a tongue-in-the-cheek humorous detachment, and the show stands or falls on the wit of its lyrics and the charm of its tunes. The story wanders about wherever a pleasing lyric or tune happens to lead it.

Result, to my thinking, the most entertaining, certainly the wittiest and the most tuneful English musical comedy that has gladdened the ear for a very long time. It is anybody's guess whether it will hold its own against the American musicals which make a point of treating the subjects with a seriousness verging on solemnity, and trying to make a serious comment on life in song and dance that are coherent and realistic; but for a go-as-you-please show it can be warmly recommended to all who still go to the light musical theatre expecting gaiety, wit and charm.

Mr. Wildeblood's gangsters are for the most part a kindly lot who find great difficulty in making their petty thefts pay. They are led by an engaging little hoodlum in the person of Mr. Jack MacGowran who spends most of his time thinking up a spectacular coup which will enable him to gratify his affectionate mistress's passionate desire to go straight and adopt a baby. For this purpose the Sweet Ginger of that delightful singer, Miss Elisabeth Welch, needs a husband without a criminal record. Her aspiration to respectability is thoroughly approved by the gang and especially by her devoted lover.

The trouble is that the baby's fare from Italy has to be raised, and nobody in the gang can think of how this is to be done. A bogus lottery is the best idea they can muster between them, and that works out disastrously.

True, the leader of the rival gang conforms to the American idea of what a gangster should be. He wears a sinister green leather jacket, moves at the head of his bodyguard like an approaching figure of doom, hurls a knife or two and twists

women's arms with diabolical savagery, and Mr. Elwyn Brook-Jones contrives to suggest that in the privacy of his office he suffers from a tendency to epilepsy. The gang of amiably inept petty thieves are terrified of him and scatter and run as soon as they catch sight of him. Only Mr. Wildeblood takes him as a joke. He permits him to throw his bomb, but promptly arranges for the police to get him. Bomb throwing is not a thing to be tolerated in Soho.

Alongside the gangsters who are trying so hard to make both ends meet in a life of crime which in their heart of hearts they regard as deplorable and dangerously antisocial are the women of easy virtue. Their day has also been darkened by the new regulations which are intended to drive them off the streets, but they look forward hopefully to the time when the aforesaid regulations will have made them so rich that they can afford to become pillars of suburban respectability. Cora, the pick of the bunch, is already collecting gardening tools. It is her belief that nothing will impress the neighbourhood more than a woman who keeps a good garden, and she is particularly careful to see that she has plenty of gnomes for the trim little lawn that will face the road.

Mr. Wildeblood seems rather at a loss to learn how to work Cora into the story, such as it is, but he gives her several of his most tuneful lyrics to sing, some of his liveliest lines, and with these Miss Millicent Martin, as the applause clearly established, became the great success of the opening night. She has terrific aplomb and sings with easy charm. But the author's belated attempt to work her into the story produces the night's dullest patch. He remembers his Aristophanes and, turning Cora into a Lysistrata, sets her to lead a sex strike in protest against gang warfare. Mr. Wildeblood seems half aware that without the freedom given to the ancients the joke is going to lose its kick. But this is the only considerable misfire in a show that scores plenty of agreeable hits in every direction except that of dancing. It is alertly produced by M. Jean Meyer, of the Comédie Française.



*The petty gangsters and their molls of The Crooked Mile. Left: The Bishop (Edgar K. Bruce, seated) expounds to his disciples Jug Ears (Jack MacGowran) & Fingers (Anton Rogers). Right: Garrity (John Larsen), Sweet Ginger (Elisabeth Welch), & Cora (Millicent Martin)*



**On the stage** at the Saville Theatre, Alan Vines photographed novelist-turned-playwright H. E. Bates talking with the stars of *The Darling Buds of May*, dramatized version of his rumbustious book. Antonia Gilpin (background) plays Mariette, the too-easy-going daughter. Ma & Pop Larkin are Elspeth March and Peter Jones, and John Standing plays Mr. Charlton, the ingenuous young man from the *Income Tax*. Mr. Bates has just published another novel about the Larkin family, *A Breath of French Air* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.)



## CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

### Matrimony by motivation

MISS SHIRLEY MACLAINE, WHOM WE first encountered as an imperturbable widow in that macabre frolic, *The Trouble With Harry*, and last met as a golden-hearted tart in *Some Came Running*, is now to be seen as just the average young career-woman-cum-husband-huntress in *Ask Any Girl*—a smooth comedy directed with a pleasing lightness of touch by Mr. Charles Walters. It doesn't seem to matter what part they put Miss MacLaine into—the final effect is always that it was tailor-made for her and that nobody else would fit it half as well.

Arriving in New York from some one-horse town, Miss MacLaine brings with her a quaint, old-fashioned resolution to be "a good girl." "Do you want to stay immature all your life?" asks an astonished wolf (Mr. Rod Taylor) when she socks him for luring her to his aunt and uncle's cottage in Connecticut and omitting to mention that his relatives happen to be in Europe at the time. No, that is not what Miss MacLaine wants: she wants to be married—if she can find the right man.

Mr. Gig Young strikes her as eminently suitable but he is surrounded with gay and glamorous girl friends to suit his every mood and has no immediate urge to tie himself to anybody in particular. Mr. David Niven, Miss MacLaine's boss, is an expert in motivation research—the art of determining what makes a customer buy one product in preference to another—and claims that he can sell anything to any man by "hitting him below the level of his awareness." So Miss MacLaine suggests that he "sell" her to Mr. Young—and as Mr. Young is Mr. Niven's brother and he would like him to settle down, Mr. Niven undertakes to do so.

By investigating all the ladies listed in Mr. Young's address book—and an exhausting business that is—Mr. Niven is able to determine what it is in each of them that especially appeals to his brother. Miss MacLaine is promptly turned into a synthesis of a dozen or so other girls: she assumes the hair-colour of one, uses the scent affected by another, the nail varnish of a third, the dangling ear-rings of a fourth, walks like a fifth, laughs like a sixth, dances like a seventh, cooks his favourite

dishes like an eighth, plays his favourite records like a ninth—and before Mr. Young knows what's happening to him, he's hooked.

When it is explained to him that he has been hit below the level of his awareness, Mr. Young hits Mr. Niven in a far more painful spot—but all ends merry as a marriage bell once Miss MacLaine has decided that to be happy one must be loved for oneself alone.

Mr. Mel Ferrer directed *Green Mansions*—a film based on Mr. W. H. Hudson's book of that title—and it must be assumed that he saw in it a worthwhile vehicle for his wife Miss Audrey Hepburn, who, in a simple little grey shift and bare feet, stars as a sort of jungle nymph who can flute and trill like a bird and loves and is loved by all the wild things among which she lives. I cannot deny that she looks quite enchanting—but I do feel she and Mr. Anthony Perkins, who figures as an angry young Venezuelan, are wasted in this nebulous story of hidden gold, head-shrinking Indians, fratricide, vengeance and superstition south of the Orinoco. The film was shot on location and the scenery—rolling savannahs, towering forests, magnificent waterfalls—is extremely beautiful. I can't think of another good word I could say for this well-meant but mistaken piece.

Four short films make up *Gold Of Naples* and are intended to convey an impression of the vitality, humour and love of life to be found in that city. It passes the time agreeably without, I think, really achieving its objective. A timid, down-trodden little man (Toto, with his wonderful clown's face) suddenly finds the courage to turn upon the bully who has battered upon him and his household—in *The Racketeer*. *Pizzas On Credit* tells how a baker's faithless wife, Signorina Sophia Loren, manages to persuade her suspicious husband that a ring she has left in her lover's room must have fallen into the pizza dough.

In *The Gambler*, Signor Vittorio De Sica, who has directed the entire quartet with great charm, appears as a Neapolitan aristocrat who, having gambled away a fortune, can no longer afford to play cards at his club: he is reduced, instead, to pitting his wits against one of his

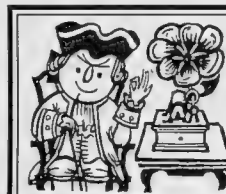
servant's children—a little boy, a card-player of genius who, with an air of absolute boredom, regularly beats his furious opponent and, if gambling debts were honoured, would be the owner of a town house, a country estate and a carriage and pair at least.

The oddest story of the four concerns a prostitute, played by Signorina Sylvana Mangano, who, through a marriage broker, receives a proposal from a rich and handsome man she has never met (Signor Erno Crisa). She marries him—and on her wedding night discovers that he is not, as she had imagined, in love with her but has married her as a penance: a girl he treated badly committed suicide and he wants, in remorse, to suffer the worst humiliation possible. Signorina Mangano is deeply wounded in her human dignity and is for leaving him—but when last seen was wearing an expression which seemed to promise Signor Crisa that if he wanted to suffer she would give him every assistance.

I understand that Messrs. Clint Walker and Edward Byrnes number by millions their TV fans—so they probably don't mind that *Yellowstone Kelly* is unlikely to win them many worshippers in the cinema. This is a Western designed, I should guess, for the tots: it is about a fur trapper, a beautiful Indian maiden, a wicked Sioux and the U.S. Cavalry—and Mr. Byrnes proves that a character in horse opera can take every bit as long to die as any in real opera.



Three steps in Shirley MacLaine's progress, in *Ask Any Girl*. Top: Country girl in town, in the rail in the dumps. Middle: Working out strategy with David Niven. Bottom: In a clinch with Gig Young.



## RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

### Hampton ancient and modern

ONE OF THESE DAYS THE RECORD companies are going to run out of superlatives in describing their artists. When Lionel Hampton, the vibraphone player in jazz, is presented in company with a somewhat stereotyped, albeit competent, rhythm section, there is really no need to tag the album *The high & the mighty!* This is too strong a description for the pleasant, imaginative, soft-swinging music which he improvises (Camden 33CX10146); I find his band music from the mid-thirties much more exciting, and his solos every bit as good. *Jivin' the vibes* (CDN129) explores the possibilities of an infinite variety of specially selected bands, with great names and lesser names in their ranks, all of which are designed to portray a facet of

Hampton's remarkable contribution.

I regard with suspicion the record sleeves that extol the virtue of their contents as "soft"; applied to jazz this is normally a contradiction in terms. Joe Newman's trumpet is much muted in *Soft swingin' jazz* (Coral LVA9106) but you may still need to reset the volume control. One reason is the presence of Shirley Scott, a Basie protégée, who is the swinging-est strange who ever set foot to an organ.

The looseness of the arrangements and their performance is its biggest asset, something which is at once lost when he joins forces with Ernie Wilkins and a bigger band *With woodwinds* (33SX1143). It is strange that Newman, a cornerstone in the present Basie group, should

sound out of his depth here, but the music never takes off. It retains an academic mantle of cruel sobriety throughout its tracks.

Capitol label is obviously sold on the idea that jazz must be dispensed *sotto voce*. Jack Marshall's album *Eighteenth century jazz* wins on the issue of silence, but fails lamentably when it comes to jazz. Joe Bushkin, on the contrary, has a brisk two-handed outing on his piano, backed by a variegated orchestra; the album *Blue angels* scintillates all the time, and swings when he is left space to manoeuvre (T1094). The same label graces one of its sleeves with a sun-flower, calls it *Delicate jazz*, and almost shamefacedly mentions that pianist Paul Smith is the perpetrator of this mechanical masquerade in the name of jazz.

Arrangers fail for two common reasons. The first is that they attempt too much, ending in a morass of complicated phrases and

paraphrases. The second is more subtle, involving the over-restriction of the soloist's freedom to blow his own style within the written framework. In this aspect both Fletcher Henderson in an earlier generation and the present day Ellington band excel through the complete "rapport" of the soloist and the group. Another notable contemporary writer is Gil Evans, who hand-picks his musicians for every session. In *New bottle old wine* (Vogue LAE12173) he provides a spontaneous boost for excellent solos, coupled with a trim balance of his sections, brass, reeds, and rhythm.

I cannot close without reference to another superb record by Mahalia Jackson, the world's top gospel singer. Her latest EP (Top Rank JKR8006) has simple piano accompaniment, which allows her complete freedom of vocal expression. Naturally she makes the most of her opportunities.



## BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

### The princess had such strange relations

ONE OF THE MOST ENCHANTING books I have read this year is called *Memoirs Of A Princess*, translated and compiled by Nora Wydenbruck. The book is made up of reminiscences from the life of Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis, who was born in 1855 and was the good friend and benefactress of Rainer Maria Rilke. To me the most fascinatingly touching and lovingly written part of the book are those chapters which deal with her early life—in Duino especially, that marvellous castle with towers and secret staircases and cupboards and boxes containing Princess Marie's mother's clothes she had ever worn in her life, and dungeons and a splendid ghostly cardinal with bloodstained vestments who celebrated Mass in an underground chapel.

The little girl went for picnics and solitary rides waving a wooden sword and planning to command a regiment of dragoons. She was strictly brought up by her beautiful, extremely pious mother (her father died when she was only nine) who was pessimistic and would brood for hours by her *prie-dieu* wringing her jewelled hands and sighing. Marie had a cardinal uncle and an amazing Hohenzollern aunt who became a nun and was released from some of her vows by the Pope

when certain of the nuns in her order, discovered holding clandestine conversations with the gardener, began to poison her.

Liszt played the piano for Marie and she remembers her mother going out to dine with the Archduke Maximilian of Mexico. The childhood memories are studded with noble names—often belonging to persons of a truly remarkable eccentricity and determination. Some of her chapter-openings are—to the eye of 1959—pure fairy-story in their strange, haunting drama ("Uncle Gustav Hohenlohe was often accompanied by a cleric known as Don Marcello . . .") and her early recollections are coloured by a sort of light, lyrical sweetness that is both simple and curiously touching. She writes about visiting Venice early in the morning, "It was a joy to be alive, during the bright dawn of day and of my life, the spring of the year and of my youth." And when writing of how she used to dance with her brothers and sisters, she says, "It seems strange to me when I remember the child dancing so happily over the dark grass by the light of the stars: strange to think that that child was I . . . all those nights of summer that have vanished, as my life and my fate are vanishing now." A delicate mixture

of very young happiness and sadness for childhood gone that reminds me of the shimmering climate of the first act of *The Cherry Orchard*.

*Lawyer Heal Thyself*, by the pseudonymous Bill Mortlock, seems to me a very mysterious book indeed. To begin with, it is described as "the autobiography of a solicitor" and reads, to me at least, far more like autobiographic material tidied up into the form of first person narrative fiction (which is a surprising change from so many books that read like undisguised autobiography). It seems to me extraordinarily well written, in a savagely painful way, crackling with a fearful hangman's wit and truly justifying that old cliché about the book that refuses to be put down.

It is the narrative of an uncomfortably perceptive and self-accusing solicitor, handling mostly divorce cases, who finds himself undertaking the burdens of the world and fulfilling the roles of both priest and psychiatrist while failing hopelessly to steer his own marriage off the rocks. Every word of it—except the ending, which I take to be a conventionally happy one—rings appallingly true and it is written with a sort of violent, angry and exhausted misery combined with an equal amount of honesty and desperate, unwilling compassion. It presents a convincing and blood-chilling picture of a miserable, intelligent, well-intentioned contemporary medicine man from whom miracles are continually demanded and the magic blessing of a divorce is endlessly required. *Lawyer Heal Thyself* impressed me a good deal, both for the honesty of its tone of voice and the harsh, prickly, nervous vitality of its informal style. I think it deserved a

less perfunctory ending, and an entirely different title.

It is impossible not to admire, respect and wonder at the way Mr. Colin Wilson keeps hammering away. This time it's a book called *The Age Of Defeat* in which he writes of outer-directedness and inner-directedness and the absence of a real hero in contemporary writing, with what is sometimes known as a wealth of illustration. Sometimes Mr. Wilson flashes by so fast he can be bewildering. One sentence will be about Auden, swiftly followed by "Captain Ahab is the great absurd hero; he has no rivals. (It is unfortunate that Chesterton, who understood the spirit of absurdity so well, never embodied it in any major work.)" And then, off we whizz to Joyce Cary and *The Horse's Mouth*.

Every now and then Mr. Wilson asks a pretty daunting sort of question: "How far can critical analysis hope to create a new existentialism?" "Can this mysticism be placed upon a firm basis of existential philosophy?" "The central preoccupation of existentialism can be defined in one phrase: the stature of man. Is he a god or a worm?"—and so forth. I find it not easy to press on with Mr. Wilson's books, mostly because they are written in a lumpy, bumpy ungainly English of great ugliness and a bleak, total absence of charm or wish to make things a little more entertaining for the reader. Nevertheless, there he is still, rapidly turning from an infant phenomenon into a grand old man of English letters, daring to be inner-directed, calmly evaluating "the responsibility of literature in the twentieth century." Any who disagree with that statement about Captain Ahab, keep your thoughts to yourselves.

*The Acropolis—  
formidnighttrips  
at full moon*

John French



PASSPORT

## Athens in October

by DOONE BEAL

AUTUMN AND SPRING ARE, IN PRINCIPLE, THE best times to enjoy any capital city. Athens in particular has a practically year-round resort climate (300 sunny days, on statistics) for café table sitting out doors—a pastime as indigenous to the Greeks as it is to the French. Depending on your circulation, you can also swim—a sport not indulged by the locals much after October, but by Anglo-Saxon standards it can be warm enough up till Christmas.

Autumn, when the sun has ceased to swelter down, is the perfect climate for sightseeing. One can enjoy the twenty minutes' walk along the boulevard that leads from the city up to the Acropolis, instead of bypassing it, with aching feet, in a taxi. Drive along the serpentine road that climbs Mount Hymettus and sit for hours at the top, overlooking the plain of Attica, surrounded by the heady scent of thyme, rosemary and sage. Or wander through the tranquil gardens of Kaisariani Monastery half-way up Hymettus, among the eypress trees and freesias, and refresh yourself with thick black coffee and spring-cold water which, together with ouzo, are the national beverages.

Go by bus inland, or by car along the spectacular new coast road, to Cape Sounion and lunch at the tourist pavilion, or at one of two cafés on the beach below. Not that the beach is the real reason to visit Sounion; its salt-white temple to the sea god, Poseidon, is one of the loveliest in Greece, soaring above the cobalt coloured ocean. It is of the same period as the Parthenon.

What else to see in Athens? Among a host of museums, monuments and sites whose lure depends on the degree of your classical education, one could not ignore the Acropolis museum, and the Byzantine and Benaki museums. Nor the two most interesting Byzantine churches, St. Theodore and Kapnikarea. I forbear to add my own adjectives to those already expended on the Parthenon itself, except to suggest that you coincide your visit with the full moon, when it is open until midnight. This piece of information bears no relation to the emotional impact of seeing its pillars rising above the carpet of lights in the city below, as anyone who has seen it at this time will testify. Another overwhelming sight of the Acropolis is to be had from Philopappos clifftop, facing it across the valley.

Outside the summer months, the evenings cool down with quite a drop—but not enough to limit your enjoyment of the old and unpaved streets of the Plaka district that clusters at the foot of the Acropolis. Among a variety of tavernas—ranging from the chic Kastro to pocket-size bars, is Bacchus. Here is local music and excellent local food such as taramosalata, which is a pâté made from smoked cods' roe; Dolmas, the stuffed vine leaves; Spanakopitta, a delicious concoction of spinach and feta cheese wrapped in paper-thin pastry; and, of course, the traditional moussaka and kebabs.

Kosti, on Koraes St., in the city centre, is a conventional restaurant with no décor but an interesting menu. So is Adam's Tavern, in

Makriyanni St.—a haunt of theatre people and writers. A great favourite of mine, especially for lunch, is Kalamies, a garden restaurant on Stadium St.

A short excursion from Athens is Varybobi, in the hills beyond Kyfissia, with Leonidas Restaurant. This one is in the grand manner and well worth the trip. In the other direction, practically on the coast, is Dsaropoulos, Glyfada, where you get the best shellfish. Both establishments maintain the admirable Greek tradition by which you choose your food from the kitchen rather than from the menu.

The Grand Bretagne is Athens' oldest and most famous hotel (its bar is the social hub of the city), and the Athenee Palace, which I found extremely comfortable, is the most luxurious new one. Alpha, a new second-class hotel with moderate rates, has also been recommended to me.

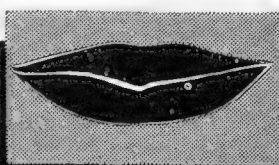
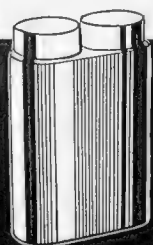
Although bus services to the archaeological sites are good and taxis reasonable, there is no denying the advantage of a car in Athens. Drive hire prices start at about £2 10s. a day, with a free kilometre allowance.

Throughout the year, Olympic Airways have a £110 two-week tour (all of it in Athens or six other choices). The normal air fare, BEA and Olympic, is £100 16s. return tour.

An alternative is to fly to Venice and sail down to Piraeus in one of the Olympic cruise ships. The Agamemnon and the Achilles are both small and comfortable, and the trip costs from £40 first-class and from £19 tourist. It takes two days.

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Steiner designs an elegant style (left) with a fluid line. Highlighted with Copper Leaf Starmist. The style (right) has had Gold Starmist applied



BEAUTY  
by JEAN CLELAND

## All change for Autumn

AS WE CHANGE OUR CLOTHES FROM the prints of summer to the richer fabrics of autumn, so we must adapt our make-up to go with them.

In summer, with cotton dresses and a sun-tanned skin, it is possible to get by with a bright coloured lipstick and a darkish powder or no powder at all, if you are one of those who like the shiny look. But in the autumn, with the return to more formal wear, it is a different matter. The couturiers and fashion houses feature new shades, and these are quickly reflected in accessories and in *maquillage*.

I have been talking to the leading beauticians about the link-up between cosmetics and the latest dress colours. For day wear, deep browns, golds, yellows, greens, and a new winter bronze predominate, for evenings pinks, blues and lilacs. Their suggestions are listed

in the chart at the foot of the page.

Foundation and powder should be chosen to go with skin tones which should be soft, creamy, and as delicate as possible this autumn. For a translucent effect, Elizabeth Arden advises using *Invisible Veil* powder, and only the faintest touch of rouge on the cheeks for those who are extremely pale.

Accent is on the eyes and there is a wonderful variety of subtle eye shadows, including a new one by Elizabeth Arden called *Autumn Smoke*, which blends beautifully with both gold and silver for evening wear. Brilliance and colour are focused on the lips in vivid contrast to the porcelain look of the complexion.

Lipsticks should be chosen to harmonize with the dress colours, and changed according to whatever shade is being worn.

Some shades such as bracken beige & tawny brown need a very subtle colour combination to warm them up. Coty has a lipstick which is just right, not too strong and not too pale. This is called *Swan Tangerine*. Orange and not red, is halfway between the two, and very like the shade of the fruit.

Hair, too, is being highlighted with lovely autumnal shades. This can be done in the salons, or at home by special rinses and hair cosmetics.

Steiner gets some charming effects with his *Starmist* which, sponged lightly on to the hair here and there touches the tips with *Gold Copper*, or whatever colour is most becoming to the individual. The latest *Starmist* is *Hot Chestnut* which gives a beautiful burnish, and is specially flattering to the most shade of hair.

What to wear with	Name of colour	Maker
Dark browns	Ember Red	Arden
	Tango Rose	Lancôme
Very dark browns & winter bronze	Olympia	Lancôme
	Olympia Rose	Lancôme
Light browns, honeys & tans	Amber Rose	Rubinstein
Dark greens	Hot Red	Rubinstein
	Ember Red	Arden
Lighter greens	Mango Sherbert	Revlon
Blues, pinks & greys	Pink Spark	Arden
	Fashion Pink	Rubinstein
	Rose Nacre	Lancôme
Blacks & greys, blues & greens	Pink'issimo	Revlon
Lilacs & deep violets	Raspberry Icing	Revlon
	Violet Icing	Revlon
	Pink Spark	Arden

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*Heralding the V-8 revival, Daimler's V-symbol emblazons the front of the 2½-litre sports car, type SP 250*

## The V-sign of success

GORDON WILKINS ON MOTORING

THERE ARE FASHIONS IN ENGINES AS in body lines and paradoxically the cult has become strongest in the U.S.A. where it is popularly believed that most car owners have no idea how many cylinders lie under their broad, aggressive bonnets. Of course the stylists were responsible. Cadillac, who built nothing but V-8 engines, adopted the gold-plated V-emblem, which became the symbol of opulence on American cars, and an essential feature for status-seekers. Other manufacturers adopted the V-sign in self-defence until anyone driving a six-cylinder car which did not qualify for the two-pronged symbol of automotive affluence must have suffered considerable loss of face. With constant repetition the thing became a bore, and Studebaker gave it a short downward-projecting tail on some of the lovely coupés designed by Raymond Loewy, converting it into an asymmetrical three-pointed star, but the Mercedes-Benz attorneys soon stopped that.

During this time, European manufacturers practically ignored the V-8 engine. The pre-war V-8 in the Ford Pilot went out of production, leaving England with no car engine of this kind. Only the Simca-Vedette V-8, also a pre-war Ford design, survived in France, and a nice modern overhead valve V-8 appeared on a few high-priced BMWs built in Germany. Even Rolls-Royce, who had used a V-12 before the war, were content with a six, although they used a straight eight on the Royal cars, the rare Phantom IV. But now Europe is showing interest in the V-8 just as America is turning to new forms.

General Motors have a big new V-6 for buses and coaches and an opposed-cylinder air-cooled six for the new Chevrolet Corvair. In England, the Daimler Dart is soon going into production with a 2½-litre V-8 engine and Rolls-Royce have just adopted a V-8 for the Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II and the Bentley S2.

Different conditions have so far dictated a different approach. The Americans, seeking extra torque to counterbalance the power losses in their automatic transmissions, and spurred on by public demand for racing-car acceleration from 0 to 60 m.p.h., which is the inevitable result of speed limits on main roads, pushed engine sizes up to unheard-of figures and got involved in a crazy horsepower publicity race purely as a by-product. The V-8 engine did the job well; short, stiff, compact, and well balanced, it could use high compression ratios, and was cheap to make by American methods.

Over here, manufacturers surveying the ever-growing traffic congestion and the ever-rising car taxes concluded that about 2½-litres was the engine size for luxury cars of the future and thought that six cylinders would be enough. But now there is a growing awareness that a lot of the body boom and shake, which so worries designers of unit-construction cars, is excited by deflections in the long, heavy engine-clutch-gearbox assembly—however rigid it may look to the uninitiated. There is therefore growing interest in short, stiff power units, which also keep down car length and so help in parking.

If you try to save weight by using aluminium, the inherent stiffness of the V-8 is an additional advantage, because light alloys are not such rigid materials as cast iron.

Rolls-Royce were obviously not worried about any supposed limitations on engine size for luxurious automobiles, especially in view of the fast-growing American market. Their only concern was that their horsepower—which is never officially revealed—should be sufficient for all requirements. The six-cylinder engine had already been enlarged once and the compression ratio was as high as it could go while retaining Rolls-Royce standards of smoothness.

The straight-eight was too long and too heavy, but more power was needed to provide acceleration to American standards, while leaving enough surplus to drive auxiliaries like the pump for the refrigerator in the air-conditioning unit, which may take 4 or 5 horsepower at full output. A V-8 was the obvious choice, and to keep down weight it was made in light alloy. The result is the new o.h.v. V-8 of 6.2-litres in the Silver Cloud II and Bentley S2, announced today, which weighs no more than the 4.9-litre six.

It is noticeably smoother and gives a distinctly higher performance. In fact, the performance can be surprising even to those who know the Series I cars. The latest model swishes along at 80-90 m.p.h. with only a whisper from the wind and one finds the corners coming up much faster than expected. The superb Rolls-Royce servo brakes take care of that and there is hardly

any of the tyre squeal that there was on the previous cars when cornering fast. Painstaking work by the tyre makers in collaboration with Rolls-Royce has achieved it, and I am told the latest tyres also grip better in the wet, which should help to counteract the tendency of swinging the tail which could arise if one accelerated sharply with the Series I cars on wet roads. Maximum speed is not much higher—about 106 m.p.h.—but a higher axle ratio helps towards still quieter fast motoring and eliminates almost every sensation of mechanical effort.

Otherwise, the changes are in minor details. The body is externally unchanged—there is certainly no V-sign—but the steering wheel is smaller and slimmer and all cars now have power-assisted steering as standard. The instrument panel is slightly rearranged and there is now a new and most elaborate heater system, using a heater element hidden under a front wing, where the evaporator element also goes on cars with air conditioning, leaving the whole trunk free for luggage. Prices are increased by approximately 8-9 per cent. The Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II saloon now costs £4,095 (£5,800 7s. 6d. with tax) and the Bentley S2 saloon £3,995 (£5,660 14s. 2d. with tax). Electric window lifts are now an optional extra.

Incidentally, this is not the first Rolls-Royce V-8. There was a V-8 engine mounted under the floor in the Legalimit car, designed to run at exactly the 20 m.p.h. speed limit and no more before World War One, but few were made and none survive.



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**VAT 69**



**THE ONE SCOTCH  
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*continued from page 270*  
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**"Copper Grill,"** 60 Wigmore Street, W.1 (entrance in mews at side). WEL 9808. C.S. First-class panelled grillroom, very simple menu. Lunch is 20s. per head, dinner 25s., and that's that and worth it.

**Clarendon**, Hammersmith Broadway, W.6. RIV 1454. C.S. Big business discussed at lunch-time; intimate atmosphere in the evening; dance band Saturdays.

**Cunningham's**, 51 Curzon Street, W.1. GRO 3141. C.S. Sea-food specialities of high quality; smart, fashionable and expensive.

**Derry & Toms**, 10 Kensington High St., W.8. WES 8181. C.S. Lunch in the "Restaurant on the Roof" among the fabulous gardens they have planted.

**Dragon**, 3 Westbourne Grove, W.2. PAD 4328. O.S. Good Chinese food on the first floor at good prices for a thin pocket.

**Fellows' Restaurant**, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, N.W.8. PRI 5162. O.S. for lunch. Become a Fellow; park your car in peace, enjoy first-class *cuisine* at lunch time looking out over the gardens.

**Fortnum & Mason**, Piccadilly, W.1. REG 8040. C.S. If you've been shopping on the first floor and have any money left, lunch on the fourth floor. Good food, good service, good wines, and a fashion show for good measure.

**George & Vulture**, 3 Castle Court off Lombard St., E.C.3. HOP 4561 C.S. and evenings. Famous City Chop-house with a Silver Grill; good wines by the glass, fine beers by the pint, at prices which should makes some of the new grills in the West End blush.

**Golden Bamboo**, 41 Wardour Street, W.1. GER 6124. O.S. Its Chinese director is an expert Chinese chef; the result is obvious.

**Guinea**, 30 Bruton Place, W.1. MAY 5613. C.S. You're in an ordinary pub—open the door in the bar and you're in a smart restaurant. Popular and pricey grillroom.

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## DINING IN

### Fruit in a pickle

by HELEN BURKE

ONE OFTEN WONDERS WHY THE taste for pickles has almost disappeared from the tables of those who enjoy good food. I think that it comes from the increasing appreciation of good wine, to which vinegar, however little and mild, is inimical. And that goes for lemon juice, if used in place of vinegar.

I would say, however, that it would be a pity to eschew all pickles—even, if you like them now and again, those terribly crude onion and red cabbage ones. But do not make the mistake of serving a good wine at the same time. Even a *vin ordinaire* suffers.

Crude foods, in any case, can be as exciting as the most refined ones and that is the time to bring out the pickles, especially pickled fruits.

What foods? Hot boiled spiced ham or bacon, pickled hand of pork with pease pudding and parsnips, boiled pickled brisket with carrots and an American "Boiled Dinner" of pickled brisket or silverside of beef with lots of vegetables. All of these, served cold, are even better when sweet pickled fruits go with them.

Yorkshire Meat Loaf, made with minced raw lean beef, half the amount of smoked ham and half the weight of both meats in bread-crumbs, well peppered and bound with beaten egg, then steamed for 2 to 2½ hours, is absolutely "made" with sweet pickled fruit.

Here are spiced pickled peaches:

Into a pan large enough for all the ingredients, put 1 pint distilled (white) vinegar, 2 lb. sugar and the thin rind of ½ small lemon. Tie in a piece of muslin ¼ oz. cloves, ¼ oz. allspice and a small piece each of root ginger and stick cinnamon. Gently tap them with a hammer to crush them a little. Add them to the other ingredients, cover and gently simmer to dissolve the sugar and infuse the spices.

Meanwhile, drop 4 lb. free-stone peaches into boiling water for less than ½ minute. Remove and slip off their skins. Halve or quarter the peaches, discarding the stones. It pays to skin only a few peaches at a time. If too many are put into the boiling water at once, they would cool it and the skinned peaches would be ragged.

Simmer the fruit in the syrup until quite soft. Drain and pack it into small jars, first removing the lemon rind and spices. Pour the syrup over it. Cover with glass caps and finish with screw bands.

If there is more syrup than is required, simmer it to reduce it a little.

Crab apples, obtainable in many parts of the country for the mere gathering, can be treated in much the same way.

Wash the apples and remove their calyces. Prick the apples a little, drop them into a vinegar-syrup prepared as above, and proceed as before. They will require longer cooking, of course.

Spiced pears? Choose small firm pears rather than large over-ripe ones. Peel, core and halve or quarter them, depending on their size. At once drop them into the syrup so that they do not discolour by being exposed to the air. Proceed as above.

Then there are spiced damsons, which are left whole. Remove the stalks from the washed fruit, prick the skins here and there and proceed as above.

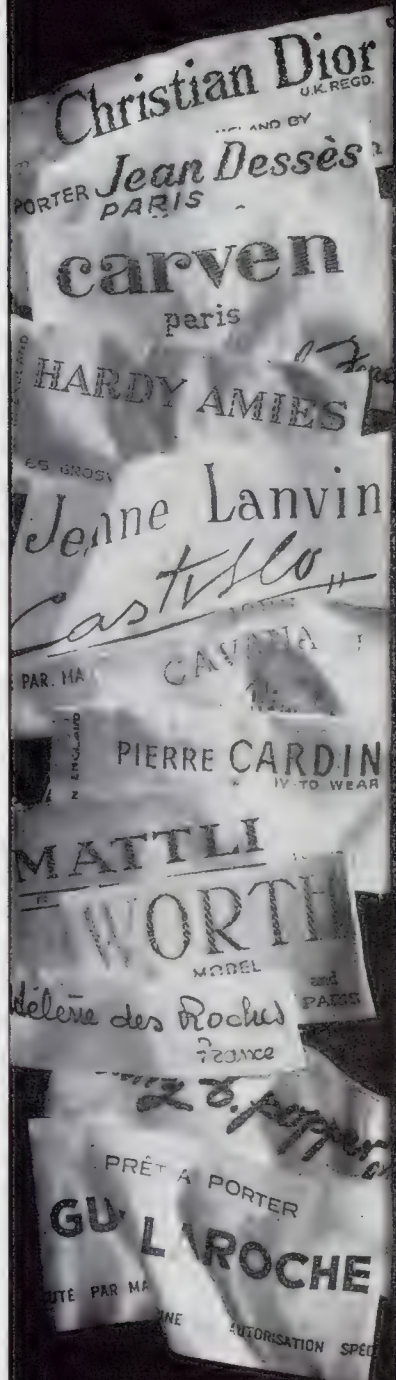
Spiced pickled fruits are much more "delicate" than vegetable pickles of all kinds, but even they destroy the palate for good wine.

Now for new ways with marrows. They have been "in" for some weeks and there is still time to get them so young that there is no need to get rid of the centre pulp. Buy two small ones rather than one large one, from which the centre would have to be removed because the seeds have become too "decided." Marrows of 8 to 9 inches should be about right. Cut them into ½-inch rings and peel them (it is easier, this way). Halve them. Toss them in 2 walnuts of melted butter. Add a finely cut clove of garlic, 1 to 2 chopped skinned tomatoes and pepper and salt to taste. Cover and cook until the marrow clears. There should be enough moisture in the ingredients to make an "essence" of their own.

For an unusual and most delicious marrow dish, served on its own, add 2 to 3 tablespoons double cream to the above. And you can leave out the tomatoes, if you like.



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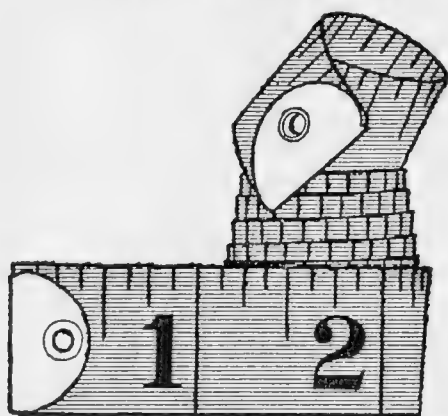


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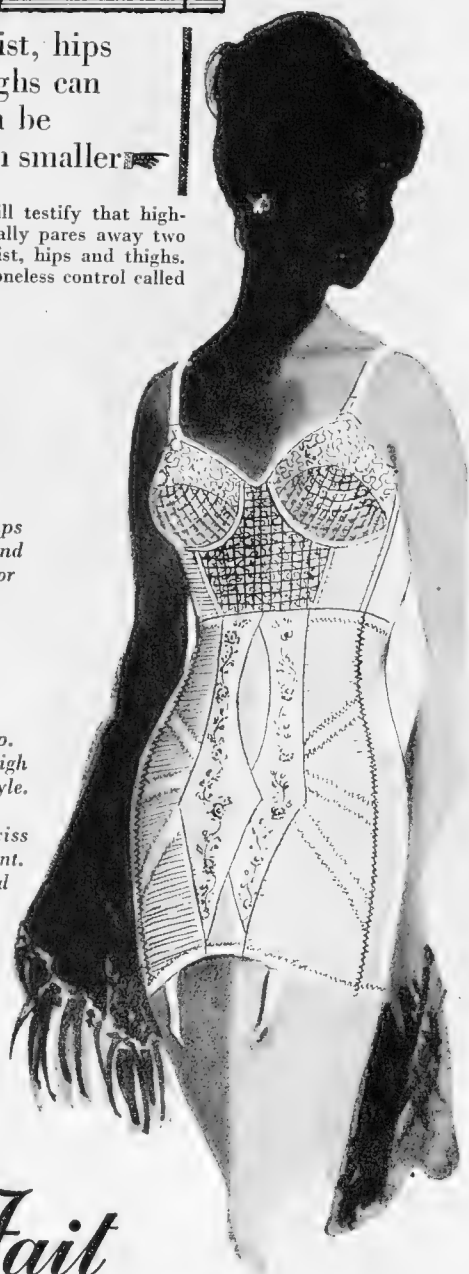
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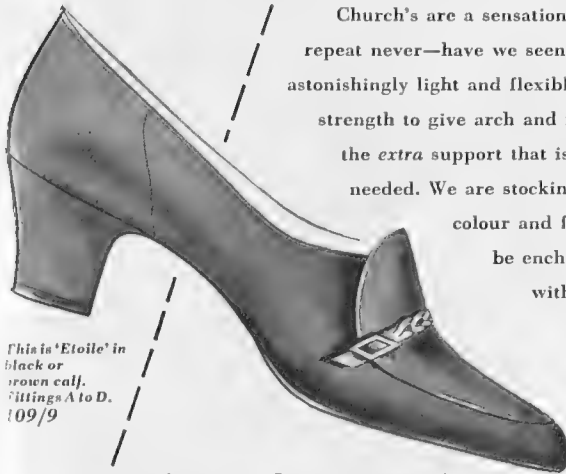
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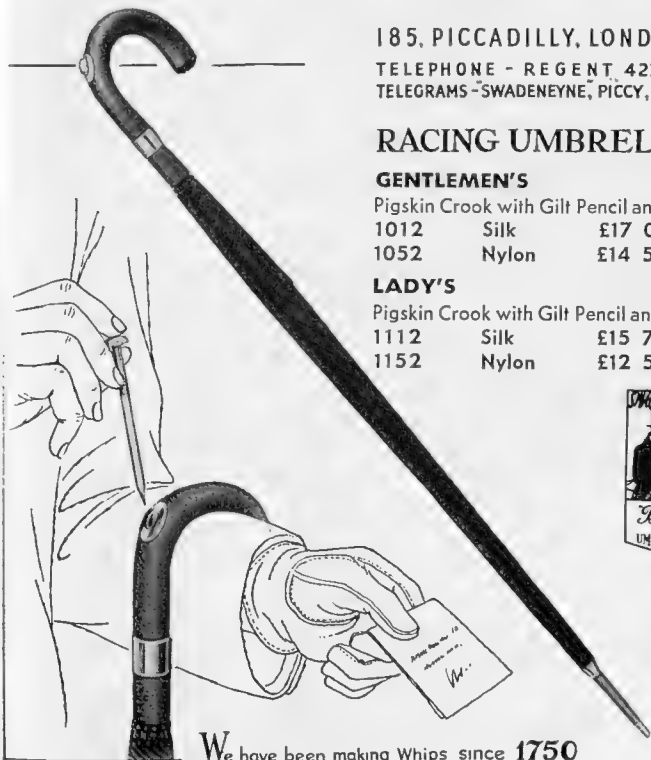
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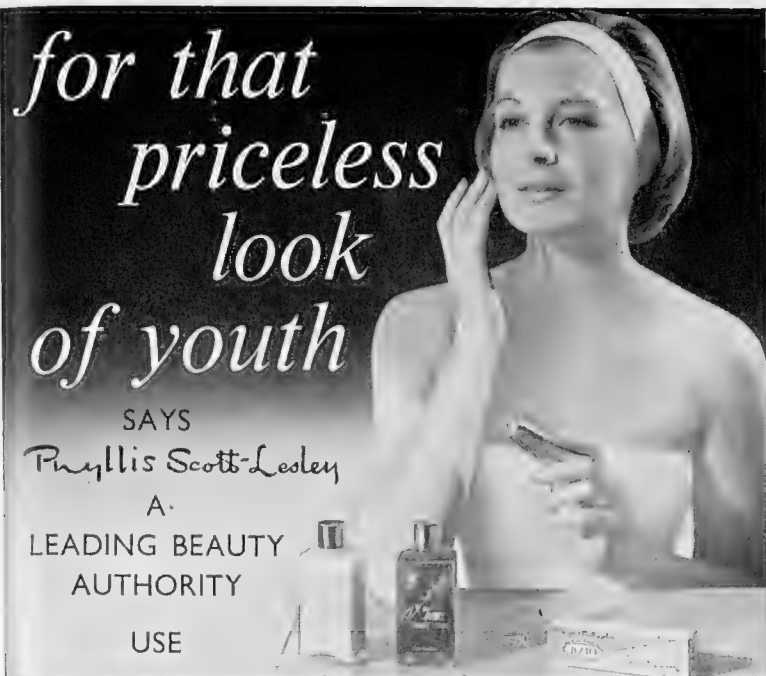


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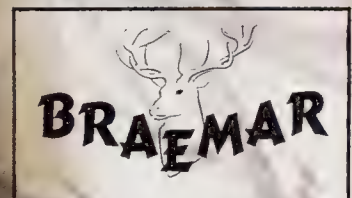
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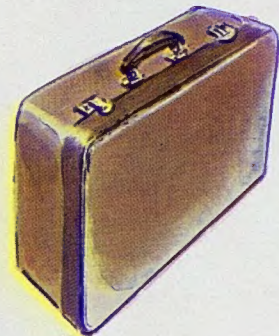
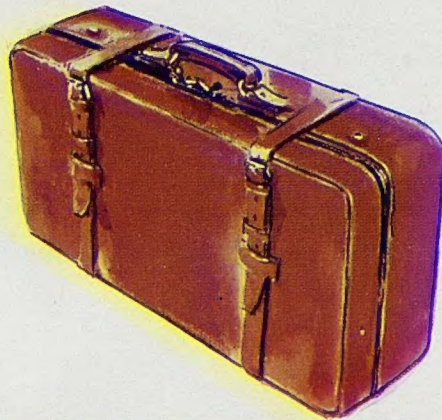
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